

# The Daily Mirror

**CERTIFIED CIRCULATION LARGER THAN ANY OTHER PICTURE PAPER IN THE WORLD**

No. 3,576.

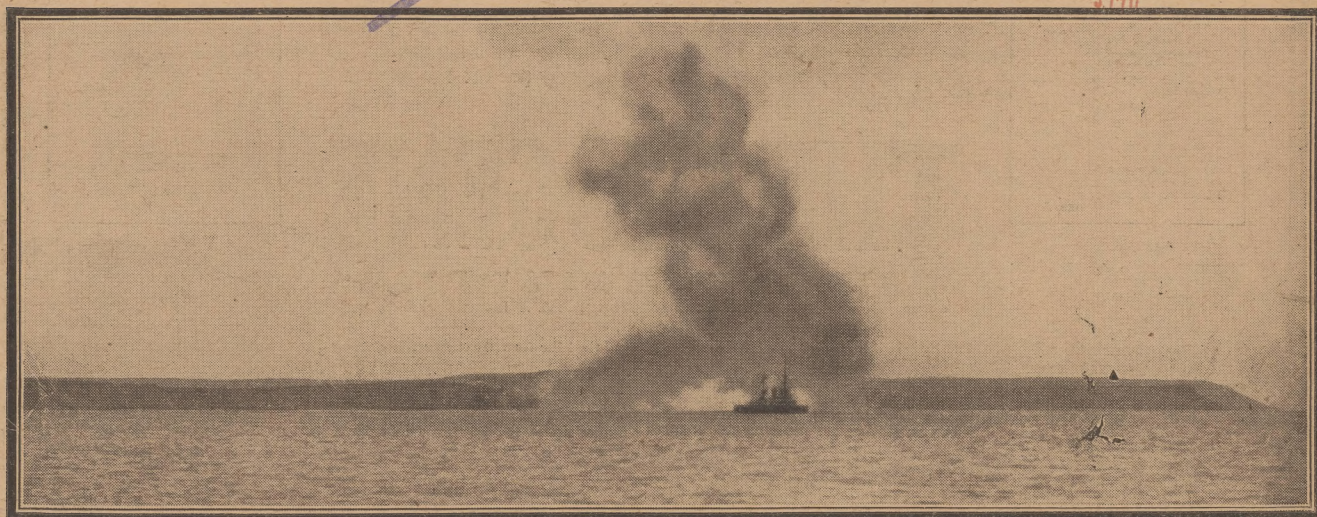
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16 PAGES.

One Halfpenny.

## SILENCING THE BATTERIES IN THE DARDANELLES: THE ALLIED WARSHIPS SET A FORT ON FIRE.



Administering the coup de grace. The picture was taken as one of the Allied warships fired the shot which finally silenced the fort at Sedil Bahr.

It's a long way to Constantinople, and the task of forcing the Dardanelles is a very difficult one. But the Allied Fleet is going to anchor in the Bosphorus and the Turk

is going to leave Europe "bag and baggage," as Mr. Gladstone said he ought to do. He has been a pest for four centuries.

### THE KING REVIEWS TROOPS.



The King, who rode his famous charger, is seen in the Long Walk after the ceremony.

Windsor Great Park, where so many splendid reviews have been held, was the scene of another inspection on Thursday, when the King inspected the Life Guards, Coldstream Guards and the Home Counties Reserve Division. This time, however, there were no



Kum Kalesi Fort on fire after the bombardment.



A glimpse of the cavalry which rode past his Majesty.

### HER MAJESTY WAS PRESENT.



The Queen and Princess Mary driving from Windsor Castle to the review ground.

brilliant uniforms, as in peace time, everyone, his Majesty included, wearing khaki. Numbers of the men have only enlisted since the outbreak of war, but it would have been difficult to tell by their bearing that they only recently deserted civilian life.





# Ease his Pain

Thermogene should be in every soldier's and sailor's kit bag, because it never fails to relieve even acute pain caused by cold and damp. Rheumatism, lumbago, frost-bite, neuritis, swollen joints, sciatica, neuralgia, as well as chest colds, sore throat, pneumonia, and bronchitis are quickly relieved when Thermogene is applied.

Thermogene is so easy to apply that it needs no preparation. No one need know that it is being worn, and it does not interfere with regular work.

Don't wait, but send the soldier or sailor in whom you are interested a packet of Thermogene Curative Wadding to-day. It only costs 1/1½, and any chemist will gladly pack it for you ready for posting.

*Unolicited testimonials reach us every day from thousands of sufferers who have been relieved from pain by Thermogene. Here is an example:*

"The Crescent, Sutton.  
"I think you should have the following extract from a letter I have just received from the firing line. We sent your wadding to my brother, and he writes thus:

"I will wrap the Thermogene Wool around my big toes the first time we are allowed to take our boots off. The wool you sewed inside my belt before I came out completely cured the pain in my back, and I have had no return of it."  
"E. BEST."

**FREE.** Write for illustrated book on the Thermogene treatment, which tells how to get the best results. Send a postcard to-day to Thermogene Bureau, Hayward's Heath, Sussex.

Thermogene can be bought at all Chemists, in boxes 1/1½ and 2/9.

If you have any difficulty in obtaining, please send at once, with postal order to Thermogene Bureau, Hayward's Heath, Sussex.

The following is an extract from a letter sent by an officer serving with the British Expeditionary Force in France:—"There are some gifts worth their weight in gold to the men in the trenches. Such articles as warm clothing, waterproof sheets, scarves, and Thermogene Wool are absolutely invaluable."

In a letter from the Ameer Ali, giving details of the articles which had been sent to the Indian Troops, Thermogene is particularly mentioned.

Thermogene is British made and British owned, and supplied to the Royal Navy, the British Forces at the Front, the British Red Cross Society, &c., &c.



*Driver T. Wilson, 12491, A.S.C., 67 Coy., Indian Motor Division, Expeditionary Force, writes:*

"Your remedy, Thermogene, has been used by me with wonderful effects. I have been very bad with rheumatism and had chest owing to the hard weather which we have had to endure out here at the Front. A comrade gave me a packet of your Thermogene Wool, and I can surely say it did me a great deal of good, and I am pleased to recommend it to my comrades and the public at home."  
(Signed) Dr. T. WILSON."



*Look for these familiar, orange-coloured boxes in the chemist's windows.*

## PLAYER'S "COUNTRY LIFE" Cigarettes

(MEDIUM STRENGTH)

**Pure  
Virginia Tobacco**

**10 FOR 2½d.**

**20 FOR 5d.**

**50 FOR 1/-**

*Types of  
British Army.  
CANADIAN  
INFANTRY.*



Issued by the Imperial Tobacco Co. (of Great Britain and Ireland), Ltd.



# EVERYBODY WILL BUY TO-MORROW'S **SUNDAY·PICTORIAL**

FOR ITS  
REMARKABLE WAR PHOTOGRAPHS



PAGES AND PAGES OF PICTURES

**HORATIO BOTTOMLEY** (*Editor of "John Bull"*),  
on "Wanted—A Man!"

**AUSTIN HARRISON** (*Editor of "English Review"*),  
on "The Solution of the Drink Problem."

**JOHN N. RAPHAEL** (*the Famous Foreign Correspondent*),  
on "The French Soldier's Sweetheart."

**MAX PEMBERTON** (*the Distinguished Author*),  
on "Are War Marriages Wise?"

ALL THE NEWS.

**NUMBER 5 — OUT TO-MORROW**



## PICTURE WONDERS FOR A PENNY.

Finest Exclusive War Photographs  
for "Sunday Pictorial" No. 5.

### ARTICLES THAT GRIP.

The talk of the nation to-morrow morning will be the marvellous pictures in the *Sunday Pictorial*.

Undoubtedly they are the finest photographs this bright and enterprising paper has ever secured.

These beautiful productions give many aspects of the world war which no other paper has yet presented, and since they are the exclusive property of the *Sunday Pictorial* they will be found in no other newspaper.

The photographs have been sent direct from the eastern and western theatres of war, and in clear, lifelike reproductions of our heroes in the field may enable you to identify relatives and friends.

It will be a bumper number to-morrow, for, apart from the wonderful war pictures, there will be photographs of some of the most beautiful women on the British stage.

Not the least striking feature of to-morrow's number will be its brilliant literature, every line of which is of human interest.

Mr. Max Pemberton deals with the fascinating subject of marriage in war time.

With poignancy and power Mr. John N. Raphael writes upon "The French Soldier's Sweetheart."

In the best article he has yet written for the *Sunday Pictorial*, Mr. Austin Harrison presents a novel solution of the drink problem.

Last, though by no means least, is an article from the racy pen of Mr. Bottomley.

It is the best and highest contribution this well-known publicist has ever written.

#### "MAN WANTED."

His subject is "Man Wanted," and in his upright downright fashion he urges the need of substituting "Business for Bunkum, Work for Talk."

Incidentally Mr. Bottomley tells how he would have dealt with the German navy when it became a growing menace to the British Empire.

Instead of fussing about the Kaiser as if he were a tin deity, praying and beseeching him to agree with us on a mutual reduction of armaments and all the rest of it, and sending out Lord Hildane to fall on his neck and kiss him, we should have him in plain Auld Scots, and we should have his ever increasing truculent navy as a menace to our Empire and should have given him twenty-four hours' notice to stop shipbuilding or take the risk of having his fleet blown heavens high and fathoms deep.

A special article on the free song problem is contributed by Mr. F. Arnold Dixon, one of the most successful song-writers who has ever written for the variety stage.

If you want to secure a copy of the finest Sunday paper in the world you would be well advised to order the *Sunday Pictorial* early to-day.

There is going to be a record rush for this paper to-morrow morning.

#### RUSSIAN ATTACHE ROBBED.

A burglar who visited the residence of Captain Walkoff, one of the Russian Attaches, who lives at Cleghow gardens, 1, Grosvenor Road, on Thursday night took away with him £250, but, perhaps out of respect for the Russian Alliance, he left untouched several important documents which were in the safe.

Cleghow gardens are situated in a quiet road off old Brompton-road, and access to the basement is easy. It was here that the thief forced a window and obtained access to the office of Captain Walkoff and removed from the safe £150 in English notes and the remaining money, amounting to £100, in Russian notes.

The burglary was discovered early yesterday morning, when the servants came down.

#### PREFERRED ORCHIDS TO EXERCISE.

Keen competition is expected at the auction sale of Mr. Joseph Chamberlain's orchids which takes place next Thursday and Friday in Cheap-side. The sale opens each day at one o'clock.

Mr. Chamberlain once confessed in a speech at Birmingham that he had no taste for exercise and that the collection of orchids was his only recreation. His wealth made it possible for him to obtain the finest specimens, and the bulbs he sold next week represent the result of many years' cultivation.

#### SECRET CONFERENCE ON DRINK.

Mr. Lloyd George received yesterday a deputation consisting of seven or eight representatives of the Scotch licensing trade, who came to discuss the various proposals for the further curtailment of facilities for obtaining drink. Several Ministers besides the Chancellor were present at the conference, which lasted about two and a half hours. The proceedings were private, and it is stated that no official report will be issued.

## CLUE OF TICKET MESSAGE

"I Intend to Kill a Girl To-night"  
in Microscopic Writing.

### SOLDIER'S "CONFESSION."

There were two developments yesterday in the Aldersgate Station murder mystery, the victim of which was the seven-year-old child, Maggie Nally.

A soldier gave himself up at Dover as the murderer.

A message was found on a railway ticket: "I intend to kill a girl to-night."

The soldier's confession is discredited. He is a private in the East Kent Regiment, and while attending a picture palace he told an attendant that he committed the murder.

The police, however, state that the man when he gave himself up was in a state of stupor and that his mind was a blank. His condition is attributed to drink.

He is being brought to London, however, for further inquiries. It is stated that once before he confessed to the murder of a little girl when no such murder had been committed.

It was during an examination of the Metropolitan Railway tickets at Baker-street that one of the officials found a ticket of Saturday's date and available between Royal Oak and Moorgate-street stations, on which was written these startling words:—

"I intend to kill a girl to-night."

This discovery may or may not assist the police in their inquiries, but they have thought it wise to have a photographic enlargement made of the handwriting, which is so small and indistinct that it can only be properly deciphered through a microscopic lens.

The discovery of the missing hat of the child is considered all important by the police. They still hope it may come into their possession, and anyone finding a hat resembling the one Maggie was wearing when she was last seen is asked to communicate at once with the nearest police station.

The *Daily Mirror* understands that a duplicate of the missing hat has been reconstructed. The police are also anxious to find where Maggie Nally had her last meal before the tragedy, for the medical evidence at the inquest suggests that the child was taken to an eating-house between eight and ten o'clock on Sunday night.

## SHY OF SHORT SKIRTS?

London Women Have Not Yet Adopted the  
Abbreviated Paris Model.

Fashionable women in London have not yet adopted the very short skirt introduced by Parisian dressmakers.

The nearest approach to the short skirt is seen in the tailored morning suit, but the afternoon gowns show as yet very little sign of the abbreviated dressmakers.

Plain, tight-fitting coats, quite early Victorian, rival the loose cloaks that are being worn. Both coats and cloaks are made of broché silks and broads, either in velvet or silk, as a distinctive contrast to the plain satin and velvet gowns.

At a recent fashionable assembly almost every well-dressed woman had a figured coat or cloak over a plain silk or velvet gown.

One beautiful soft golden brown gown was worn under a cloak of golden brown, embroidered with gold.

Purples and amethysts, shades rival the black and white gowns, and afford an opportunity for the revival of amethyst jewelry.

## FIERCE FIGHT WITH TRIPOLI REBELS

ROME, April 8.—A dispatch from Tripoli reports the following:—Native troops and irregulars, with the object of protecting the barley harvest of tribes which have tendered their submission, advanced on the 5th inst. to Wadi Merisi.

The day after, while the column was preparing to pitch camp, it was violently attacked by rebel forces comprising about 1,000 men. A fierce fight ensued and lasted until midnight, when the enemy was repulsed with heavy losses.

We lost one officer killed and eleven officers wounded, six white troopers wounded and about 100 Libyan troops killed and wounded.—Reuter.

## BRITISH CHEMICALS FOR ENEMY.

COPENHAGEN, April 9.—Notwithstanding the fact that Sweden has obtained rights of soda from England on condition that the same is not re-exported, such re-exportation to Germany has taken place. Sulphuric acid, too, has been exported.

I understand that England has, in consequence, stopped the supply to Sweden of the above-mentioned articles. The Swedish Press demands that the names of the offenders be published.—Exchange.

On a charge of embezzling moneys of the corporation, Edward Dean, chief rate collector at Hove, was remanded here yesterday. It was stated that he surrendered to the police.

## IN ALADDIN'S CAVE.

Crowds Inspect Rich Gifts To Be Sold  
for Red Cross.

### PRINCESSES' TREASURES.

Christie's is a sort of Aladdin's Cave of rich gifts for sale.

Crowds of people, including officers in khaki, clergymen, elderly men and women, wounded soldiers, gathered at the salerooms yesterday to view the wonderful exhibition of rich old embroideries, lovely laces, exquisite pictures, magnificent jewels from the East, beautiful antiques, ivories from India, and treasures that have lain for years in family chests, which are to be sold by auction in aid of the Red Cross on Monday next.

The majority of the visitors were elderly women, who took one another that they must compare the exhibits and antiques with those they had at home.

In all there are 1,867 gifts in the catalogue, and no one can guess what they will fetch.

"Oh, for money," said one woman to another, looking at the exquisite miniatures, jewelled watches and the splendid embroidered shawls which appeal to every woman's heart.

Elderly women who had never touched a rifle in their lives gazed admiringly on the 1648 wheel-lock sporting rifle—the gift of the King.

Others whose fancies run to clocks found an old clock which stands 9ft. 6in. high worthy of close attention.

Soldiers were interested in Princess Henry of Battenberg's gift. This was a leather case containing a photograph of General Gordon and a spray of rosebuds picked from the spot where he fell.

Many princesses and dukes and other notabilities have contributed to the collection, which is the most remarkable that Christie's have ever shown.

## BARLEY-WATER PARTIES.

Temperance Drinks Replacing Wines at Big  
Society Dinners.

"Will you have barley water, ginger ale, ginger beer or lemonade?"

This is a typical question put by the host at big society dinner-parties of to-day. Where in the past there would be wines almost with every course and liquors to follow, there are now only temperance drinks to be obtained.

The example of King George, who has banned alcohol in the royal household, is having a powerful effect on all his subjects, rich and poor alike.

Already, so *The Daily Mirror* ascertained yesterday, there is a strong and growing demand for temperance beverages at fashionable West End clubs and hotels, barley water, ginger ale, cider cup and similar beverages being taken by men who used to have wine or spirits with their meals.

Mineral water manufacturers are already beginning to feel the increased demand for non-alcoholic drinks. An official of Messrs. R. White and Co., told *The Daily Mirror* yesterday that two of their beverages—hoop ale and "oatmeal stout"—were having a very big sale at the present time.

Another firm of mineral water manufacturers, Messrs. Boley and Co., said that "muscad" a drink resembling port wine and lemonade—had quite a large sale just now. "The apple, however, still like the old-fashioned ginger beer or lemonade best of all when they want a temperance drink," said one of the firm.

"It is high time that somebody invented a new non-alcoholic drink which is both stimulating and refreshing," complained a West End clubman to *The Daily Mirror* yesterday. "There is a fortune waiting for the man who can put it on the market."

## WILL BRITISH RACE IN BERLIN?

AMSTERDAM, April 9.—Sneaking on the subject of the Olympic Games, which were to have been held in Berlin next year, the vice-president of the German Imperial Olympic Games Committee declared, says the *Lokaleizer*, that all reports of any alteration in next year's programme were unfounded.

"If the games are held," he said, "it is a matter for the English and French to decide whether they will take part in them or not. The participation of Germany is still uncertain."—Reuter.

## AUTOMATIC RIFLES FOR ENEMY.

ROTTERDAM, April 9.—The trial began here to-day of two persons for a violation of Netherlands neutrality laws, the charge being that they acted as intermediaries with a view to the sale to the German Government of an automatic rifle invented by a Rotterdam workman.

The rifle in question was so constructed that five shots could be fired without opening or closing the lock, and it was intended for service in the trenches.

The Public Prosecutor asked for sentences of five shots could be fired without opening or closing the lock, and it was intended for service in the trenches.

## SPY PLOT ALLEGED IN INVISIBLE INK.

Three Arrests in Connection with  
Army and Navy Secrets.

### TRIAL IN CAMERA?

The arrest of three suspected spies, who will probably be tried before the Lord Chief Justice in camera, became known yesterday.

They are alleged to be secret agents of the German Government engaged in communicating important naval and military information, through various Continental addresses, by means of letters in invisible ink.

The three men who are charged are Kuepferle, Muller and Hahn. The two latter are mentioned as Kuepferle's associates.

It is alleged that Kuepferle came over to this country from America. His arrival was noticed and his movements were watched.

#### ARRESTED AT LONDON HOTEL.

He first visited Dublin, where he said that he was going to Liverpool and from there intended returning at once to New York.

He was eventually arrested in London, in an hotel where, it is alleged, he had gone to await the renewal of the cross-channel services, then interrupted owing to the activities of German submarines.

The case against Kuepferle is said to be one of much importance.

The two other men were taken into custody shortly after Kuepferle's arrest, and it is said they were working in consort with him, their methods being similar.

Muller claims to be a British subject, born of "naturalised German parents, while Hahn is said to be a German.

#### SECRECY ESSENTIAL.

The three cases have been before the military authorities, who have taken a summarised statement of the evidence.

It has now been decided that the further investigation shall be taken by the civil authorities under the Defence of the Realm regulations as recently amended by Parliament.

These regulations afford discretion for the trial to be taken in camera, and it is possible that that discretion will be exercised. The "Secrecy" is regarded as essential from the point of view of preventing the enemy from obtaining knowledge of the methods which are being employed by the authorities to deal with German espionage.

The cases will probably be tried at the next sitting of the High Court by the Lord Chief Justice himself.

## STRUCK BY TRANSPARENT DRESS.

A young German, named Alexander Emilio Sauer, who received his discharge from the German army just before the war broke out, and whom Mr. Garrett, the Marylebone magistrate, described as a dangerous character, appeared at the London Sessions yesterday (Friday) against a conviction and a sentence of six months' imprisonment.

He was found in possession of a camera and eleven military maps, and he was recommended for expulsion.

Mr. Travers Humphreys, who appeared for the respondent, said Sauer came to this country in March or April of last year with a young woman named Bertha Winneberg, a German, who was apparently his mistress.

His father at the time was living in this country and was undoubtedly a wealthy German. The father left England just before the war broke out. Sauer and the girl Winneberg went to live at St. Mark's-road, North Kensington. On August 10 Sauer informed himself, declaring he was not in possession of any motor car, pistols, firearms, etc. Two days later he said he had a motor-cycle and side car, and he was interned.

#### "IN GERMAN CAVALRY."

The police then found that Miss Winneberg had gone to a new address without notifying the police.

She was arrested, a camera was found in her room, and she was sentenced to a month's imprisonment and deported.

Inspector Sanders said that appellant had been in a German cavalry regiment.

Asked by Mr. Curtis Bennett, who appeared for Sauer, why he had been in a German cavalry regiment, he replied, "I was in the German cavalry regiment, and I was in the German cavalry regiment."

Sauer, giving evidence, said the maps were to show his chauffeur which way to go. The Bench dismissed the appeal with costs.

## IMPORTS RISE, EXPORTS FALL.

British imports continued to increase during March, according to a report for the month issued yesterday by the Board of Trade. The import figures for March in the last three years are as follow:—

|      |             |
|------|-------------|
| 1913 | £67,343,444 |
| 1914 | £67,579,915 |
| 1915 | £75,593,915 |

Exports, however, have declined since last year, the figures for March, 1914, and March, 1915, being respectively £24,576,661 and £20,176,666.

**'SUNDAY PICTORIAL,' No. 5 TO-MORROW—EVEN BETTER THAN PREVIOUS ISSUES!**



# FRENCH CAPTURE TRENCHES AND FILL THEM WITH DEAD

## Enemy's Heavy Night Attack Repulsed by British Troops.

## STEAM TUG'S FIGHT WITH U BOAT.

## Submarine Nearly Rammed When Attempting Attack Off the Isle of Wight.

## PIRATE CHASES LINER AND FIRES MANY SHELLS.

Further striking success has been gained by the French in their strong advance near Verdun.

Paris officially reported yesterday that the German trenches captured at Les Eparges were found filled with dead.

In the wood of Ailly, where the French seized new trenches and repelled two counter-attacks, there were also captured six machine guns and two trench mortars.

A thrilling story of the adventure of a South Shields steam tug, with the appropriately classic name of *Homer*, was told yesterday. The *Homer's* captain not only defied the "Un-tersee" pirates' order to abandon his ship, but nearly managed to ram the submarine.

The tug's wheelhouse was damaged by a storm of bullets from the U boat, and a torpedo was fired, but the captain brought his tug safely out of the hot engagement.

Apparently the pirate managed to sink a French barque that the *Homer* was towing.

Sir John French did not send a communique yesterday as "there is nothing new to report."

## GERMAN ATTACK STOPPED BY BRITISH.

## French Make Further Advance and Capture Trenches and Six Machine Guns.

PARIS, April 9.—This afternoon's official communique says:

The British forces repulsed a German attack on Wednesday night.

Between the Meuse and the Moselle fresh progress has been made.

At Les Eparges we have gained fresh ground, and we have remodelled the trenches captured from the Germans (which were choked with bodies), so as to make the parapets face the other way, and at the end of the day we repulsed two counter-attacks.

At Ailly Wood, where we have taken six machine guns and two trench mortars, the enemy has made no further counter-attack since noon yesterday.

In the Montmore Wood all the progress we had made has been maintained in spite of a very violent counter-attack delivered at seven yesterday evening.—Reuter.

## BRITISH AIR-BOMBS.

AMSTERDAM, April 9.—About 9 o'clock last night air-bombs were dropped by British aviators on the German positions at Heyst and Knoke.

A German submarine and a Zeppelin airship were reported from the North Sea yesterday.—Central News.

## TUG FIGHTS "U" PIRATE

An exciting story of a steam tug's encounter with a German submarine off the Isle of Wight was reported yesterday.

About 3.30 on the previous afternoon, when about fifteen miles off St. Catherine's Point, Isle of Wight, the steam tug *Homer*, of South Shields (Captain Gibson) sighted a submarine.

The tug was towing the French barque Colonel F. Sonis, bound for Sunderland, with grain.

At once the German commander challenged the captain of the *Homer* to abandon his ship.

Upon Captain Gibson refusing to do so the submarine changed her course and came up on the other side of the tug, and the challenge was repeated, and a warning shot was fired over the bridge.

"STRAIGHT FOR HER."

Captain Gibson waited until the submarine came right abeam of his vessel and then, casting off the hawser, steamed at a speed of eleven and a half knots straight for her.

There was a rough sea running, and unfortunately he missed the submarine by about 3 ft. During this time a hail of bullets scoured the wheelhouse and bridge of the tug, doing considerable damage to the woodwork and smashing the windows.

The submarine steamed away from some distance and fired a torpedo at the tug, which, however, the captain was able to avoid, and the Germans, after chasing the tug for about ten minutes, gave up the pursuit.

When the barque was last seen there was a cloud of smoke between the fore and main masts, and she was evidently sunk. The *Homer* put into St. Helen's roads, and the circumstances were reported to the authorities.

The owners of the tug *Homer*, of Shields, yesterday received a telegram stating that the French barque, General de Sonis, was torpedoed by Germans.

The General de Sonis was a steel barque of 2,130 tons. Her port of registry was Nantes.

## LINER CHASED 57 MILES.

German submarines appear to be extending their activities, but the pirates have not succeeded in intimidating British captains.

This is vividly revealed in an account of a submarine attack that has just reached Messrs. Alfred Holt and Co. from Captain L. M. Bevan, of their steamer *Thebes*, which recently arrived at Gibraltar.

The vessel (8,723 tons) left Liverpool about March 27, bound for Java and other ports.

On March 28, when the ship was about forty miles south-west of the Bishop Rock Light-house, a submarine was sighted about two and a half miles distant.

Captain Bevan increased his speed to the utmost, but the submarine slowly overhauled the *Thebes* and hoisted the German naval ensign and the signal, "Stop instantly."

As no notice was taken of the first signal another signal was hoisted on the submarine, reading, "Heave to, or I will fire into you."

"ABANDON SHIP." This signal was also ignored and fire was opened from the submarine with a machine gun.

At 3.30 a.m. the German had reduced the distance and opened fire with a 3 in. gun, and hoisted the signal "Abandon the ship."

She continued to fire at intervals, but having to make a broad sheer lost ground each time. The submarine was all the time endeavouring to get on either quarter of the *Thebes*, with the intention evidently of firing a torpedo, but the *Thebes's* course was continually changed.

When the distance between the vessels was only about 250 to 300 yards the submarine was at times completely covered in a freshening sea.

Then the pirates gave up the chase.

The fire from their 3 in. gun with exploding shells was very effective.

Seven shells were fired, five of which struck the *Thebes*.

The distance covered during the chase was about fifty-seven miles.

## A CLERGYMAN'S PROPERTY

The appeal of the Rev. James Edward Hand, of Guilford-street, Bloomsbury, against a conviction for allowing premises in Lamb's Conduit-street of which he was the landlord to be used for improper purposes was dismissed, with costs, at the London Sessions yesterday.

Mr. Hand is the chairman of the London Citizens' Sunday Observance Committee and formerly occupied an official position at Brompton Cemetery. He was convicted at Bow-street by Mr. Hopkins on February 23 and fined £20 and £10 10s. costs, or two months in the second division.

Mr. Bodkin, for the respondent, said that appellant's property in Lamb's Conduit-street was let to weekly tenants. Appellant always collected the rents himself, and every Monday he personally visited the premises.

Several complaints were made to Mr. Hand by various tenants in regard to the conduct of certain women who occupied the rooms.

In consequence of complaints to the Borough Council, the police kept a watch on the premises. A woman known as "The Diamond Queen" was sent to prison for keeping her apartments for immoral purposes.

The borough council had no option but to take proceedings in order to make it clear that all landlords in the district—and, indeed, in all parts of London—must co-operate with the authorities in seeing that their houses were in order.

## TALE FROM SINBAD'S CITY OF TURKS' DERRING DO.

## Motor-Boat That Caused "British Gunboat to Retire After Twenty Hits."

A tale of a Turkish motor-boat's derring-do comes from Bagdad, that Arabian Nights city in which Sinbad the Sailor lived. Here is the story:—

AMSTERDAM, April 9.—An official statement issued in Constantinople says nothing of importance occurred yesterday.

According to a message received from Bagdad, which is described as emanating from a reliable source, a Turkish motor-boat which was patrolling the Euphrates near Korna encountered a large and heavily-armed British gunboat and opened fire on her from a range of two miles.

The British gunboat was hit twenty times, and finally had to retire owing to fire breaking out in her engine-room.

She also suffered damage in other parts of her hull, and only escaped with great difficulty by the aid of other British ships.

The message adds that the losses among the crew are believed to have been considerable.—Central News.

## VON DER GOLTZ OPTIMISTIC.

VENICE, April 8.—A representative of the *Neue Freie Presse*, of Vienna, has had an interview with Field-Marshal von der Goltz in Vienna.

He said, "Turks have 1,200,000 thoroughly trained and completely equipped men, besides some hundred thousand more in case of emergency."

"The attacks on the Dardanelles have not nearly approached the chief points of defence, and nobody in Constantinople is at all alarmed. The Sultan remains in his palace, which is but a few steps from the sea"—Reuter.

## GENOESE RIOTERS BURN AN AUSTRIAN FLAG.

## Italian Press Discusses Possibilities of Separate Austro-Russian Peace.

PARIS, April 8.—The *Matin* publishes the following telegram of yesterday's date from Rome:—

The correspondent of the *Messaggero* telegraphs an account of rioting in Genoa when the crowd burnt an Austrian flag.

Troops were called out to restore order. They called upon the crowd to disperse, but the demonstrators waited without moving.

In view of their attitude the troops, who were advancing with fixed bayonets, shouldered arms amid the cheers of the crowd.

The crowd then scattered through the chief streets in the city, smashing the signs of German public-houses and shops, including that of the Navigation Company.

The rioters then dispersed.—Reuter.

A Central News Paris wire states that the crowd carried shoulder-high Peppino Garibaldi, and 30,000 persons filed past the Belgian Consulate.

At a meeting at Milan of the Liberal deputies of the town a resolution was passed declaring that the intervention of Italy would shortly be an absolute necessity.

## THE TWO QUESTIONS.

Two questions, according to a Reuter special message from Rome, are being discussed by the Italian newspapers.

(1) Whether an understanding with Austria is still possible.

(2) Whether a separate Austro-Russian peace is probable.

These two questions are closely connected, since, if Russia, with the permission of her Allies, obtaining what she desires, came to terms with Vienna, it would be impossible to imagine Austria ready to make territorial concessions to Italy.

The *Idea Nazionale* says:—"Austria, by continuing to fight, has ninety-nine probabilities in a hundred that she will not reconquer what she has lost."

## RUSSIANS WIN CHIEF CARPATHIAN CHAIN.

## Tactical Victory Gained on Heights and Austrians Dislodged from a Sector.

## KAISER'S VIENNA VISIT.

Continued splendid progress by the Russians in the Carpathians is reported from Petrograd.

In the region of the railway line from Ussok to Berezna, the Russians have crossed the principal chain of the Carpathians, and have scored a tactical victory on the heights south and north of Volozate.

At another point the Austrians have been dislodged and all their attacks repulsed.

The Russians are advancing along a front of fifty miles, and it is computed that the total Austrian losses in the Carpathians are 300,000, of which 100,000 are prisoners.

## VICTORY ON HEIGHTS.

PETROGRAD, April 8.—The official communique issued by the General Staff to-day says:—

In the Carpathians our troops progressing in the Ondava Valley dislodged on Tuesday the Austrians from the Stropko-Pieczara sector.

In the direction of Mezo-Laborze, the Austro-Germans having received considerable reinforcements, attempted to assume the offensive, but our troops, after having occupied the front Czabalecz-Szuko, repelled all attacks, inflicting serious losses on the enemy.

In the region north of the railway line from Ussok to Berezna our troops are successfully crossing the principal chain of the Carpathians, and have scored a tactical victory on the heights south and north of Volozate.

On the other sectors along the front in general no appreciable change has taken place.—Reuter.

## ADVANCING ALONG FIFTY MILES.

PETROGRAD, April 8.—Every circumstance proves that Austria and Germany attach the utmost importance to the battle taking place in the Carpathians.

The Russians have secured all heights on the Beskid Ridge and are advancing on a front extending for fifty miles between the River Topla and the Ussok Pass.

The Germans have dispatched heavy reinforcements to the Carpathians, drawn partly from neighbouring and more distant districts.

## DON'T MISS TO-MORROW'S

## SUNDAY PICTORIAL

The Best Sunday Picture Newspaper

and partly from other fronts, but they are deprived of the possibility of taking the offensive.—Central News.

PETROGRAD, April 8.—The General Staff communicates the following:—

On the night of March 29 the Germans having captured north of Mysinec one of our scouts took him to their headquarters in the village of Bascon, where they tortured him in the presence of ten German officers in the attempt to extract information regarding the disposition of our forces.

The scout, bravely bearing all tortures, obstinately refused to reply to the questions of the German officers, who cut off his ears and mutilated his face. After suffering these tortures, the scout succeeded in escaping to his detachment and arrived on April 2 in our lines.

The Commander-in-Chief conferred upon him the Cross of St. George of the 1st Class and gave him a grant of money in recognition of his fidelity and courage.—Reuter.

## 300,000 AUSTRIAN LOSSES.

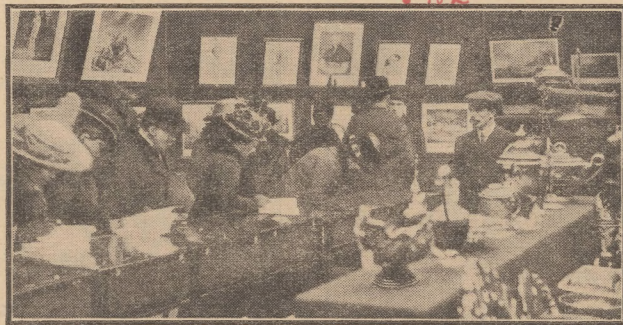
ROME, April 8.—According to a telegram from Bukarest to the *Messaggero*, the Austrian Army has lost about 300,000 men in the Carpathian battles, of whom 100,000 are prisoners.

The number of rifles captured by the Russians is so great that whole divisions have had to be armed with German rifles of an old pattern.

The correspondent adds that it has been noticed that several Austrian detachments have been using the old black powder, which causes thick smoke. This shows that their factories can no longer turn out modern smokeless powder in sufficient quantities.—Reuter.

## KAISER'S SECRET VISIT.

PARIS, April 9.—The Rome correspondent of the *New York Herald* states it is confirmed that the Kaiser went secretly to Vienna to persuade the Emperor Francis Joseph to make concessions to Italy. The Kaiser made the journey by motor-car and stayed in Vienna for six days.—Exchange.



Public view of many treasures which are to be sold at Christie's on Monday for the benefit of the Red Cross Society.

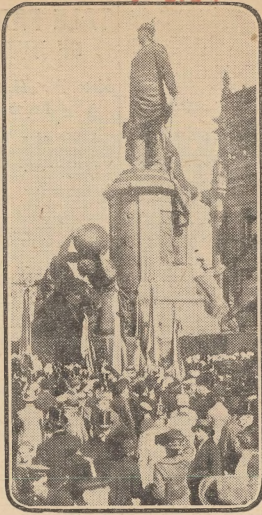


# THE DESTROYERS OF AN EMPIRE HONOUR THE MAN WHO MADE IT.



Chancellor von Bethmann-Hollweg was wearing uniform.

The Bismarck centenary was a great day in Berlin. Students held a demonstration round his monument, and all the notabilities attended a memorial service. Herr von



Students around the monument.



Bismarck's niece arrives at the church for the service.

Bethmann-Hollweg walked with Otto von Bismarck, a young descendant, and Herr Kampf, the President of the Reichstag

## NEW MINISTER.



M. Paul Hymans, the new Belgian Minister in London, leaving the Treasury after his visit yesterday.



Mrs. Hollyhomes and her boy, who are reported to be missing. She resides in North London.

## FRESH STRAW FOR "TOMMY'S" MATTRESS.



British soldiers arrive at a fresh billet in France and fill their mattresses with clean straw. "This is a great luxury, though straw is not considered the ideal stuffing by some people. But a tired soldier is not so particular what he lies on. He is used to roughing it, and there are few places where he cannot sleep soundly."

## GRAVE CHARGE.



M. Ghenadieff, the Bulgarian ex-Minister, who is accused of trying to provoke a war with Serbia.



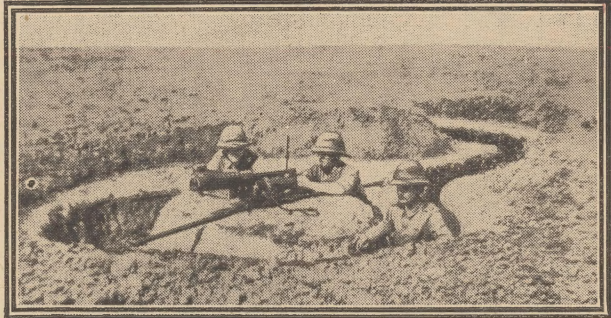
Private Arthur George Reed, a wounded soldier, on his wedding day. His head was bandaged.

## STREET SUBSIDENCE IN CLERKENWELL.



The street subsidence in Calthorpe-street, Clerkenwell. A stretch of pathway 12ft. long and about fifty square yards of the roadway collapsed, leaving a cavity 20ft. deep. The new post-office tube, on which work was recently started, was flooded.

## LONDON TERRITORIALS IN INDIA.



Territorials at machine gun practice in India. They are Londoners belonging to the 10th Middlesex, and are in camp near Calcutta. They relieved a regiment of regulars which has now gone to the front.



# Daily Mirror

SATURDAY, APRIL 10, 1915.

## NO QUARRELS!

GREAT ANXIETY amongst any association of intimates generally shows itself in a disposition to quarrel: we take it that English people are a little in that disposition; since scarcely a day now passes without some eminent person, or body of people, "snapping" rather fiercely at some other person or collectivity. These nervous tempers may be soothed by the commonplace that we are nearly all of us trying to do our best, and if we say or do silly things, may it not be on account of the very strain we speak of? Pay no attention: be or she is excited. Let him simmer down.

Even men whose sense of opportunity is such that they choose this moment to bid us tenderly consider our ruthless enemy, the while we fight him—even these are doing their best. You may see proof of the fact in their mild-virtuous indignation when reproaches reach them for their totally useless but possibly well-meant exhortations. They raise astonished faces and murmur gently: "But what have I done? What have I said? I love my country as much as any of us do. Oh, do not attack me! Oh, pray, do not be unkind to me!" And we feel sorry that we allowed our nerves to get the better of our self-control.

In spheres of society called "lower" by convention we find the same intense resentment against reproaches. Are some labourers over-indulging in drink? You must not say so. If you think so, better be silent about it. For if you speak you shall undoubtedly be met with: "Don't insult the British working man!" There is poor Keir Hardie already defending his time-honoured abstraction in that manner—there is that Hardie head into which the nails of time and the hammer of age have never been able to drive one ounce of common sense—there it is still wandering over irrelevant ways and snapping "Don't insult us!" just in the irritable manner now everywhere symptomatic of the strain. In this perpetual snapping and snarling, complete irrelevance and tedious nervousness, the Hardie and the *Morning Post* and Leo Adolescents meet for once, amazingly, in common agreement.

These snappings and snarlings ought not to divert us all from our central aim—a physical moving forward abroad, mentally assisted at home by hard work and taking thought, rather than by arguments over side-issues. One may call out upon our lack of sense of the main issue, upon our singular taste for irrelevancy. Never mind. Nothing will alter those people. Visibly greying and now with conceit-accentuated voice, the Shavian ignorance-expert, blundering over Alaska and being set right by a genuine schoolboy, the Hardie with his imaginary working man, the nervous old ladies of the footman's gazettes and the butler's delights, Leo Adolescents with his fustian and his cracked British war—all of them will persist, fulfilling their natures, into eternity. Nothing will change them. Let them be. At least let us remember that in peace time we can get a good laugh out of some of them.

W. M.

## IN MY GARDEN.

April 8.—Our native yellow primrose is a delightful plant to have massed in shady corners. Of late years its coloured forms have become extremely popular, and they certainly make a brilliant show during April and May. The blue varieties are especially interesting, and quite easy to cultivate. Seed sown now in a shady bed will produce strong plants by the autumn.

The double primroses are exquisite flowers, but need some attention if they are to succeed. Plant them in light, rich soil, and water them every year or two at the end of May, setting the divisions in a cool north border for the summer.

E. F. T.

## A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

In actual life, as a general rule, it is the common, not the uncommon person who does noble things.—*Lafcadio Hearn.*

## LOOKING THROUGH "THE MIRROR."

### SUBSTITUTES FOR ALCOHOL.

I NOTICE this morning an inquiry for a non-alcoholic drink. I have lived in Russia all my life, and they have there a non-intoxicating drink named kvass, used by high and low, rich and poor. It is a delightful beverage. It is made of rye flour, malt, buckwheat and yeast.

(Mrs.) HUTCHESON.

### HOME AND BEERSHOP.

IT SEEMS to me that women never can do anything these days to please their menfolk! Poor men, who must seek their only cheerful hours outside their own home! Your correspondent

the war. Experience teaches that a general intention is hardly sufficient by itself. People like to have a visible token of the promise they have made.

I beg you to give me your powerful assistance in making as widely known as possible a simple way of obtaining what is required. We have produced a special "War Pledge." It is a small illuminated card bearing the Royal Standard and Union Jack crossed, while underneath are the words of the pledge: "I promise to abstain from the use of all intoxicating liquors while the war lasts." A space is provided below for the signature. The card is attractive, and seems to provide what people need to convert a good intention into a definite act. A copy of the war pledge will be forwarded

## VANISHING OF THE OLD COMIC-DRUNKEN "SPIRITS."



THE PASSING SHADES



In times like these we have come at last to see what it is wonderful that we did not see before—that there is not and never has been anything funny in the old silly jokes about drinking and drunkards. If the war has brought no other good, it has at least brought disillusionment about drink-humour.—(By Mr. W. K. Haselden.)

dent, Mr. A. M. Morley, evidently has a good deal of sympathy with them.

But let me tell him that the wives of working men need a little consideration, too.

If the workman's home is slatternly, whose fault is it, usually? The man's. He stays at the public-house all the evening with his friends when he might be a little bit of company for his wife. The consequence often is the woman loses all heart in her work and all pleasure in the home that is only slept in by her lord and master.

And then, if she tries to keep the place clean and tidy, her "business" is another excuse for the husband's absence from home. One hears so much about the artisan's need of relaxation and amusement. What about the woman's pleasure? Who ever gives her a thought?

ARTISAN'S WIFE.

## THE ROYAL EXAMPLE.

THERE are thousands of people who are willing to respond to the King's appeal and to make a promise of abstinence for the period of

to anyone who will send me their name and address, together with a penny stamp.

H. PEARSON, Secretary.  
Church of England Temperance Society,  
89, Southampton-row.

## THE OBLATION.

Ask nothing more of me, sweet:  
All I can give you I give.  
Heart of my heart, were it more,  
More would be laid at your feet:  
Love that should help you to live,  
Song that should spur you to soar,  
All things were nothing to give  
Once to have sense of you more,  
Touch you and taste of you, sweet,  
Think you and breathe you and live,  
Sweep of your wings as they soar  
Trodden by chance of your feet.  
I that have love and no more  
Give you but love of you, sweet:  
Ha that hath more, let him give:  
He that hath wings let him soar:  
Mine is the heart at your feet  
Here, that must love you to live.

SWINBURNE.

## MEEKNESS AND COURAGE.

### Attitudes of Fighters and Non-Fighters in Time of War.

#### LOVE YOUR ENEMY.

OUR LORD never inculcated an ignoble softness towards barbarous men. We must forgive an erring brother "if he turn and repent," yet if he neither repents nor will accept our forgiveness, there is no atmosphere in which the spirit of forgiveness can breathe. We are fighting with irreconcilable foes. But according to those who are anxious that the Germans should not be crushed or humiliated, we are to pass over their horrible barbarities, unworthy of a civilised nation professing Christianity, and practically to turn both cheeks to the smiter!

The scathing terms in which our Lord rebuked the Pharisees exhibit the stern side of the Gospel towards the arrogant and malicious. The clumsy literalism of certain clerics and so-called "pacifists" is pleasant reading to our foes, who will regard it as a proof of British imbecility and weakness.

Surely the time has come when these progress in an apostolic should encounter the chilling blast of public opinion. H. A. BULEY.  
Brighton.

#### COWARDICE?

IT IS no good pretending that we admire or like the man who, when he's hit in the eye, says: "Hit me again," and smiles. That sort of conduct gives too much of a chance to the man who hits—the bad man. And, after all, there is such a thing as cowardice. Nowadays we seem to prefer to call it non-resistance.

N. M. L.

Wimbledon.

"VENGEANCE IS MINE." IT IS impossible to make war and Christianity compatible under any conditions. "Vengeance is mine," saith the Lord. "Put up thy sword," etc. "Those that take the sword," etc.

It is a natural outcome of human teaching to protect by force, not a spiritual one. True Christianity is non-existent in war. Expelling invaders from the house of God and expelling invaders from a worldly possession are not analogous. PUZZLED.

#### GOD OF LOVE OR WAR?

IT must be evident after a little thought that to oppose a man's illegal commerce or even to beat that man with a whip can hardly be compared with taking his life.

Christ never advocated any but remedial punishment, and to kill a man cannot improve his morals.

This is perhaps the reason why some Christian ministers are taking the texts for their war sermons from the Old Testament, with its great tribal God of War. Jehovah, who is so unlike the New Testament God of Love Whom Jesus preached. Surely some of the quotations are just now being made from the New Testament show a lack of common sense and no sense of what is really applicable in the people who make them. L. G. PARKES.

#### MORE NEW IDEAS.

AT DINNER we take our soup first and our fruit last. This and many other customs are all wrong and should be changed.

For example, old men over fifty should in war be sent to the front first. I am well under seventy, but instead of being at the front now I may have to wait one or even perhaps two years before I am sent there. Obviously this is absurd. If this war should result in an agreement being arrived at between all civilised nations on the above basis, and especially if it was compulsory and a point of honour that all Statesmen and members of legislative bodies should be placed at the beginning of the war in the first firing line, then perhaps we might hope for a better state of things for future generations. PROGRESS.



## THE HORSES' COMMISSARIAT DEPARTMENT.

G. 11914 A



Egyptians grinding oats for the horses belonging to the Australian soldiers now encamped in the desert. The men from the Commonwealth are splendidly mounted, and take care that their horses lack for nothing in the matter of food. They are very proud of their animals, and keep them in splendid condition.

## MARCHED PAST THE KAISER.

G. 11912 A



Garibaldians after being captured by the Germans. They were made to march past the Kaiser, when they bore themselves with quiet dignity.

## DONKEY AS SOLDIER'S MASCOT.

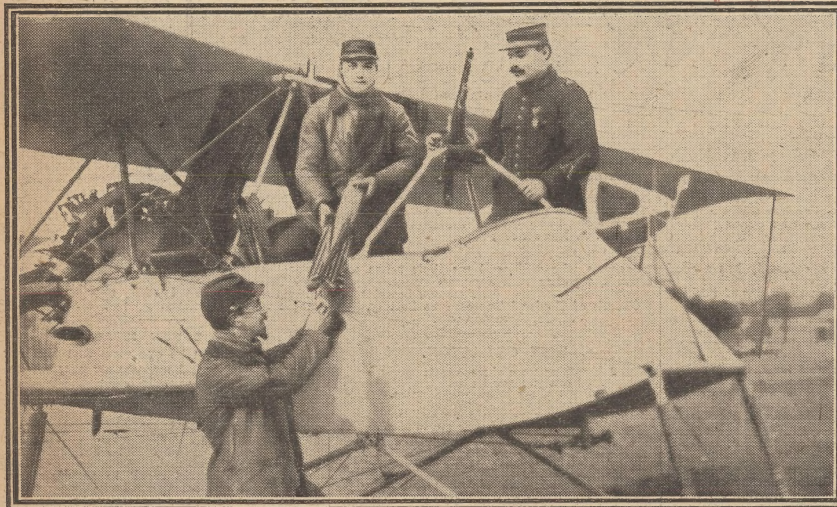
G. 6180



Teddy, a Canadian mascot. He is now in camp with his battalion, but will probably remain at home when the men go to the front.

## CARGO OF BOMBS FOR FRENCH AIRMAN.

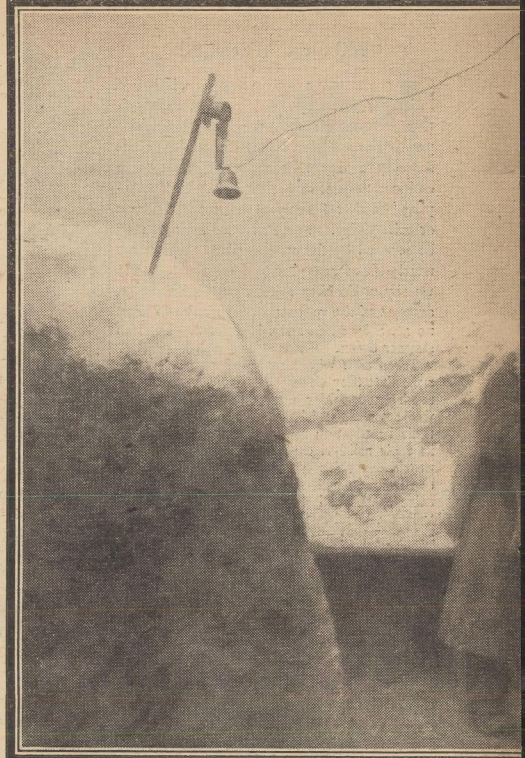
G. 11914 H



French airman takes a cargo of bombs on board before setting out on a flight over the enemy's lines. Our Allies' pilots are doing splendid work, and drop their bombs to some purpose. They do not kill civilians; they prefer that their work should be of real military value.

## TWO FRENCH GENERALS

G. 11914 N



It was in this first line trench that the two French Generals, Maunoury and... position, when a bullet hit the first named in the left eye, and then ricocheted. It rings if anyone approaches.

## ENGAGEMENTS.

P. 17159



Miss Violet Cullum King, who is to marry Mr. Edward Southward Curphey, Royal Corps of Naval Constructors. (Swaine.)



The Hon. Norah Robinson, Lord Rosmead's eldest daughter, who is to marry Mr. G. Montagu Parkin, Royal Field Artillery.

## ARAB BOY

G. 5612



Arab boy who has attached camp near the Pyramids when on the march.



## UNDEED BY ONE BULLET



ret, were wounded. They were making observations of the enemy's striking General Villaret. The bell is a kind of "burglar alarm." trench at night.

## ENLISTS."

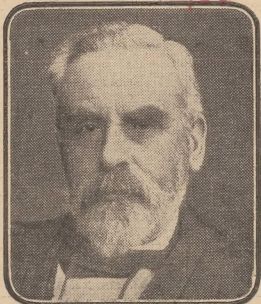


self to the troops in accompanies the men so drills with them.

## PRINCE'S POST.



Prince Leopold of Battenburg, who has been gazetted an aide-de-camp. His brother, Prince Maurice, was killed in action.



Dr. E. A. Were, Bishop of Stafford, who has died after a long illness. He was formerly Bishop of Derby. —(Russell.)

## FOOD TRAINS FOR THE RUSSIAN TROOPS.



Distributing soup and bread from the kitchen of the train. The cooks are kept very busy.



Collecting snow for the tea kettles.



Group gathered round the soup bucket. Others are waiting their turn.

When the Russian soldier fights, he fights on a full stomach, and a number of food trains have been provided for him. These travelling kitchens are generally attached to the bath trains, in which are hot-water baths, Turkish baths and vapour baths. —(Photographs by a *Daily Mirror* special photographic correspondent with the Russian Army.)

## BEDROOM IN DUG-OUT.



This dug-out boasts of a bedroom, in which two French soldiers are seen resting. One sleeps while the other reads the latest war news.

## AMUSING THE SOLDIERS.



Botrel, the well-known French singer, visits the trenches to cheer up the soldiers. He sings to them and tells them funny stories.



## LONDON AMUSEMENTS.

**ADOLPHI, Strand.** To-day, at 2 and 8. Mr. GEORGE EDWARDS' Revue "PERNOCINO," a Comic Opera. Mat. Weds. and Sat. at 2.  
**BOX OFFICE** 10, MARK LANE, 10. **THE AMBASSADORS.** "ODDS AND ENDS," by Harry Gramont, 9.15. Viola Tene in "Dinner for Eight," by E. F. Mason, 8.40. Matinee, Today and Thurs. at 2.30.  
**APOLLO.** At 2.30 and 8.30. Mr. CHARLES HAWTREY presents a BUST DAY, by H. G. Cresswell.  
 At 2 and 8, Chas. Cory. LAST 3 PERFORMANCES.  
**CRITERION.** THREE SPOONFULS, 3844, Reg. 3365.

To-night, and nightly, 9 p.m. Mat. Wed. and Sat. 3. Preceded 8.30 and 8.45. The Artists Entertainers.  
**DRURY LANE.** SEALED ORDERS. 1.45 and 7.30. MARIE ILLINGWORTH, O. M. HALLAM, EDWARD BASS. MATINEE, WEDS. and SATS., at 1.45.  
**DUKE OF YORKS.** Today, 2.15 and 8.15. The Frohman presents MRS. GABY DESLYNS in BOSS CAPTIVITY, by E. F. Mason, 8.40. Mat. Wed. and Sat. at 2.30 and 8.15. By the NEW WORLD, by J. M. Barrie. Matinee, Thurs. Sat. 2.30.

**GARRICK (Civ. 9513).** To-day, 2.30 and 8.30. Mat. Weds. Thurs. Sat. 2.30 and 8.30. The Girl in the Taxi.

Return of YVONNE ARNAUD as "Suzanne."  
**CLOVE.** To-day, 2.30 and 8.15. Mat. Wed. Sat. 2.30. Miss LAFRANCE TAYLOR in "THE FLAG LIQUENTANT."  
**HAYMARKET.** 2.30 and 8. Mat. Wed. Sat. 2.30.

**THE GIRL IN THE TAXI.** To-day, 2.30 and 8.30. Mat. Weds. Thurs. Sat. 2.30 and 8.30. As Others See Us. Matinee, Weds. Sat. 2.30 and 8.30. To-day, at 2.30 and 8.30. **FLORODRA.**

**EVIE GREENE.** To-day, at 2.30 and 8.30. **ROYALTY.** To-day, at 3 and 8.45. Mr. H. B. IRVING in "SEARCHLIGHTS." At 2.30 and 8.15. **THE FLORENTINE.** Matinee, Wed. and Sat. 2.30. To-day, 2.30 and 8.15. **SCALA.** KINEMACOLOR, TWICE DAILY, 2.30 and 7.30. **LITTLE ELITE.** To-day, 2.30 and 8.15. **THE BLOW.** To-day, 2.30 and 8.15. **THE BLOW.** To-day, 2.30 and 8.15. **THE BLOW.** To-day, 2.30 and 8.15.

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# GREAT FREE PUBLIC TRIAL OF NEW "OIL" CURE.

## MAGIC-LIKE POWERS OVER RHEUMATISM, GOUT, SCIATICA, LUMBAGO AND NEURALGIA.

### 2,000 BOTTLES A DAY TO BE GIVEN AWAY

At last a wonderful discovery has been made that will save hundreds of thousands from much of their suffering. Victims of rheumatism, gout, sciatica, lumbago and neuralgia have bitterly declared that there was no cure for their particular troubles—and there was no cure. But now there is a cure, and a London Company is prepared to prove it.

Liberal trial bottles of the new "Oil" cure are to be given away daily. The number to be given away daily will be increased very shortly. Orders for the free bottles will be dealt with strictly in order of their receipt. Readers desirous of early proof-benefit of the magic-like powers of the "Odds-On Oil" liniment should waste not one moment in applying for a liberal free bottle.

#### AN INTERNAL OIL BATH.

The principle of the new treatment will be understood and appreciated by all. Every

**THIS EXPERIMENT WILL PROVE IT:**  
 Soak a rusty hinge in water. What happens? Nothing.

But soak the rusty hinge in the "Odds-On" Liniment, and the rust "come away." You can actually see it dissolving away.

It is just the same with the "rust" of rheumatism, gout, sciatica and other stiff and sore joints. Within a few minutes of your commencing to rub in the "Odds-On" Liniment you will feel a softening influence at work. Keep rubbing a little longer. Then stand up. Swing that foot or arm about. No stiffness! All gone! No ache! No pain! Wonderful! Your joints are free again!

#### TRY FREE FIRST.

You are not even asked to believe this true statement about the extraordinary virtues of "Odds-On" at this stage. Every sufferer has tried "this, that and the other thing" for troubles whose aches and pains make a man

## RUST OF IRON



## RUST OF RHEUMATISM



**"ODDS-ON" (REGISTERED)**  
**THIS BOTTLE WILL WORK WONDERS FREE FOR TRIAL**

sufferer knows how the part affected by rheumatism, gout, sciatica, lumbago or neuralgia feels hot and dry. Well, "Odds-On-Oil" will penetrate and internally bathe, cool and moisten the parts as in an oil bath.

Like magic the heat and dryness, the aching and soreness, the swelling and stiffness will die away.

It is just like dipping a rusty hinge in oil. The hardened rust softens and dissolves. So does the "rust" of rheumatism soften and dissolve away under the subtle lubricative action of "Odds-On" Liniment.

#### WONDERFUL FOR THESE COMPLAINTS:

It is just the same with the various stiff, swollen, sore or inflamed conditions of all the following complaints:—

- Rheumatism. —Tender Feet,
- Sciatica. —Cramp,
- Neuritis. —Sprains,
- Neuralgia. —Stiff Neck,
- Lumbago. —Colds,
- Gout. —Toothache, etc.
- Gouty Eczema. —Frostbite,

Even at this moment "Odds-On" Liniment is being put to the severest of all tests by the British Army in France and Flanders. A new Ally is entering the British and Belgian trenches—an Ally that is being welcomed by the men who fear no foe in German grey, but who are nevertheless rendered helpless or semi-helpless by such foes as rheumatism, stiffness, frostbite, cramp, neuralgia, chilblains, sprains, bruises and colds.

Sufferers have hitherto been wrongly treated for many of the complaints mentioned. Sufferers know that their treatment has been wrong, for the very good reason that their rheumatism, gout, sciatica, lumbago, neuritis, neuralgia, etc., are still with them.

(Send This Coupon To-day.)

To the ODDS-ON SPECIFIC CO., 4, Tokenhouse Buildings, London, E.C.

Sirs,—I have read your article in "The Daily Mirror" about the wonderful "Odds-On" Liniment and accept your offer of a Liberal Trial Bottle—Free. I enclose 3d. in stamps for packing and postage.

NAME \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

"Daily Mirror," April 10, 1915.

## DAILY BARGAINS.

Rate, 2d. 6d. per line; minimum, 2 lines.

**Drugs.**  
**A BABY'S** Long Clothes Set, 50 pieces, 21s.; everything necessary; waterproof; baby robes; very superior; perfect home finish work; extraordinary bargain; instant approval.—Mrs. W. Mat. The Chase, Nottingham.  
**LACE.** 100 Fanciful, 1s. to 10s. —Universal Sifters Co., Manchester-chambers, Nottingham.

#### Articles for Disposal.

**A CUTLERY** service, 50 pieces, all silver plate, a finest Sheffield knives, ideal wedding outfit, everything required; perfectly new; approval, willingly.—Mrs. Howles, 25, Second Avenue, London, E.C.

**ARTISTIC** Dinner China—100 perfect pieces, 21s., comprising dinner set for 12, tea and breakfast set for 12, hot-water jug, teapot, and a set of 3 jugs; all to match; each piece thin and beautiful; 100 pieces for free catalogue.—Vicent Fine Art Pottery, 25, Burslem.

**BABY** Cars, direct from factory, on approval; carriages, quilts, as new, 5s. to 10s. in the £12. 6d. car set; payments from 4d. monthly; and for splendid new catalogue free.—Direct Public Sales, 10, Abchurch Lane, London, E.C.

**CORK** Lino at wholesale prices; "Kompressor" (registered), Ward's Compressed Cork Lino; bykles, by Ayda, quilt, A. 15s. 6d., 16s. 6d., 18s. 6d.; other sizes in the proportion.—Write Desk 5 for coloured design, books and samples free. Ward's, Finsbury Park, London, E.C. Sifters Corner, South Tottenham (Phone Tottenham 1632). Delivery free £1 and over.

**DAYS** and Co. (Dept. 141), 26, Denmark-hill, London. Unredeemed Pledge Sals; special supplementary list of this month's merchandise; 100 pieces, 10s. to 100s. free list; 5,000 exceptional bargains; don't delay; write at once; guaranteed genuine items; it will save you pounds; 100 pieces, 10s. to 100s. free list; 5,000 exceptional bargains; don't delay; write at once; guaranteed genuine items; it will save you pounds.

**12/6—FIELD** Race or Marine Glasses; Military Binoculars; 100 pieces, 10s. to 100s. free list; 5,000 exceptional bargains; don't delay; write at once; guaranteed genuine items; it will save you pounds.

**32/6—POWERFUL** Binoculars, Field, Marine or Race Glasses; 100 pieces, 10s. to 100s. free list; 5,000 exceptional bargains; don't delay; write at once; guaranteed genuine items; it will save you pounds.

**12/6—MAGNETIC** Set of Rich Black Russian Fur Coat, 100 pieces, 10s. to 100s. free list; 5,000 exceptional bargains; don't delay; write at once; guaranteed genuine items; it will save you pounds.

**12/9—BABY'S** Long Clothes, 100 pieces, 10s. to 100s. free list; 5,000 exceptional bargains; don't delay; write at once; guaranteed genuine items; it will save you pounds.

**10/6—GENT'S** 18-ct Gold-Case Keyless Lever Watch, 100 pieces, 10s. to 100s. free list; 5,000 exceptional bargains; don't delay; write at once; guaranteed genuine items; it will save you pounds.

**4/9—PRETTY** Necktie, with heart pendant attached, set of 100 pieces, 10s. to 100s. free list; 5,000 exceptional bargains; don't delay; write at once; guaranteed genuine items; it will save you pounds.

**4/9—GENT'S** Solid Gold English hallmarked Keyless Watch, 100 pieces, 10s. to 100s. free list; 5,000 exceptional bargains; don't delay; write at once; guaranteed genuine items; it will save you pounds.

**12/6—GENT'S** massive double Albert, 18-ct gold (stamped) with solid link curb pattern; 12s. 6d. 21—BABY'S Long Clothes, 100 pieces, 10s. to 100s. free list; 5,000 exceptional bargains; don't delay; write at once; guaranteed genuine items; it will save you pounds.

**21/6—GENT'S** massive double Albert, 18-ct gold (stamped) with solid link curb pattern; 12s. 6d. 21—BABY'S Long Clothes, 100 pieces, 10s. to 100s. free list; 5,000 exceptional bargains; don't delay; write at once; guaranteed genuine items; it will save you pounds.

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# RICHARD CHATTERTON, V.C.

A Romance of Love and Honour.

By RUBY M. AYRES.

"A laggard in love and a laggard in war, What did they give him his manhood for?"

## New Readers Begin Here. CHARACTERS IN THE STORY.

**RICHARD CHATTERTON**, an easy-going young fellow who has allowed himself to become slack.

**SONIA MARKHAM**, a charming girl who abominates cowardice in any form.

**LADY MERIAM**, a good-natured soul, who manages introductions to society.

**FRANCIS MONTAGUE**, Chatterton's rival for Sonia. He limps through an accident.

**RICHARD CHATTERTON** is dozing in his club-room. Just lately his lazy serenity has been ruffled by one or two minor sporting incidents. One of them in particular is concerned with the charming girl he is engaged to—Sonia Markham. His reflections are interrupted by the sound of voices. He recognises the voices of old Jardine and Montague.

"Why doesn't Dick Chatterton go to the front?" old Jardine is saying.

"Dick's a slacker and always will be," replies Montague. "He's not like Sonia. He's in the trenches when he's got an armchair at home and an heiress with £20,000 a year waiting to marry him. After a few more words they go out."

Richard Chatterton is staggered. Did they think he was afraid to go out? He is shocked. He is a coward. Finally, he goes off to Lady Merriam's, with whom Sonia is staying.

Sonia's pretty eyes look at him in a curious way. For the first time Richard wonders if she, too, believes that he is marrying her for her money. There is a little scene between them.

Whilst waiting to have the matter out with Montague in the latter's rooms he overhears a message on the telephone from Sonia to Montague. She tells him that she is finished with Chatterton, and that she will marry him.

When Richard goes to Sonia sick at heart and realising what he has done, he believes Montague's insinuations about him, breaks off his engagement with him.

Richard Chatterton disappears from the circle of his friends, but old Jardine finds him. To his delight, Richard is dressed in khaki. The latter explains that he has put in for active service.

A week or two later Sonia sees a pretty nurse and a man all muffled up in a taxi-cab. The man turns his head and looks at Sonia—it is Richard Chatterton.

Sonia pretends to take no notice, but she is very much upset. Old Jardine says he was wounded straight away in the trenches, but not badly.

At a dinner-party Richard liberally lies about Chatterton. A scene follows, and though Sonia is outwardly calm she learns the truth. It is brought home to her that she has been deceived. She really loves him. Then she suddenly hears from Jardine that Richard is off to the front again that night.

Throwing everything to the winds, Sonia makes a desperate effort to see him off at Waterloo. But the crowd is too great. She can only just catch a glimpse of him—he is smiling at a nurse—and as the train moves off she faints.

In the troop-train Richard Chatterton is told by a fellow-soldier that old Jardine is dead. He had been looking for him at Waterloo. "The old fellow called her Sonia," he says.

Chatterton is dumb at the news. A thousand times he asks himself why Sonia came to see him off. There was all this time she was in the trenches, he was in the hospital, and she was in the same feverish thoughts and possibilities.

Whilst fighting for his life in a perfect inferno, Chatterton hears the beautiful Sonia is married to Montague. He tries to put the whole thing from him in a terrific struggle, in which he is finally killed. He is wounded officer trying to crawl to safety. With a bound Richard Chatterton is out of the trench and racing to him.

In the face of incredible difficulties he rescues him. Then he deliberately goes out again and brings in Captain. He just reaches the trench when he collapses, badly wounded.

In London old Jardine reads the startling news that Chatterton is dead. The same morning Sonia and Lady Merriam read in another paper that Richard was recommended for the V.C. Later they also read that he was dead. Sonia dashed, runs to her bedroom. Presently Lady Merriam takes to her the little packet which Chatterton said was to go to her in the event of his death.

## THE PACKET.

SONIA'S bedroom was in darkness when Lady Merriam opened the door. The yellow light of a street lamp peeped through one window where the blind was still undrawn, and made a bright patch on the floor. It looked somehow eerie, her ladyship thought, with a little shiver, as she groped along the wall for the electric switch, and turned on the light.

Sonia was lying face downwards on the bed. She had thrown off her hat and coat, and her face was hidden in her outstretched arms.

Lady Merriam was agitated. In her heart of hearts she had never really believed that Sonia would be more than naturally shocked at the news of Chatterton's death. The girl had been a mystery to her for some days. Apparently she had always been happy and bright. The sight of that prostrate figure for the moment rooted her feet to the floor. Then she closed the door behind her and went forward.

There was some sound of weeping, the slim outline of that girlish figure. Something so utterly stricken in the small clenched hands on the

white pillow, that for a moment Lady Merriam could not think of anything to say.

She was clutching the packet old Jardine had given her tightly to her breast. For a moment it crossed her mind that the best and kindest thing to do would be to go quietly away, and never give Sonia that last message from the man who had loved her. But the thought of old Jardine's anger and fierce eyes prevented her from doing so. She bent over the girl, gently touching her—

"Sonia! Oh my dear child . . ."

The pretty head moved a little. For an instant Sonia lifted her face, and looked at Lady Merriam with dry, tearless eyes.

"Oh, leave me alone—leave me alone, . . ." she said, pitifully.

Lady Merriam sat down beside her. There was nothing to say, she knew. What comfort could one possibly offer in the face of such a tragedy? Tears welled into her kind eyes. She thought of a day many years ago when she, too, had lost the man who had been everything in the world to her.

But at least she had had the comfort of having first been his happy wife. At least she had been with him for a few moments before he died, never lifted his face, and never had a word for her . . . but this poor child! She had no grain of comfort.

She and Richard Chatterton had parted in anger. She knew that hard things had probably been said on either side. How then could one hope to comfort so profound a grief?

She smoothed the girl's soft hair with gentle hands. She wondered what Sonia's mother would have done had she been there at that moment.

If words of comfort would have come any more successfully to her lips.

Presently she remembered the packet old Jardine had entrusted to her. She turned it over hesitatingly.

It was simply addressed to "Miss Markham" in Chatterton's dashing hand.

So many times Lady Merriam had seen little notes and letters addressed to Sonia in just the same hand. She had even chafed Richard for his slipshod way of writing . . . it seemed incredible that the hand that had penned those letters was stiff and cold; that she would never again meet the smiling carelessness of his eyes, never listen to his coaxing voice . . . And they might have been so happy, he and Sonia . . . She looked down at the girl with pitying eyes.

A little thought on his side—a little toleration of hers, and their lives might have been so different.

True, Richard might have died in just the same way, but at least there would have been no burden of remorse for Sonia to carry besides.

"Alas, how often life has to be taught by Death. The meaning and the pricelessness of love—Not understood till lost."

The words came to her mind as she sat there in the silent room; Lady Merriam disliked poetry on principle, but, somehow, it suited her mood to-night. The little tragedy of these two young people with whom her life had been so closely linked for so long took her back to her own youth and the dark days of her own widowhood.

"Sonia . . . you mustn't forget that he died as we all could have wished . . . as a brave man, fighting for his country."

She tried to choose words that would break the stoniness of the girl's grief and release the tears that were now only being shed in her heart, but they sounded bald and unconvincing to her own ears. She moved restlessly.

"I know! It isn't that. . . I think I could have borne it if—if I had only just said good-bye to him—just . . . just told him I was sorry and asked him to pardon me."

There was an anguished ring in her voice; she sat up suddenly, pushing the tumbled hair back from her flushed face; she caught Lady Merriam's hand.

"I don't tell anyone—you won't let anyone think that I minded! Oh, I couldn't bear it if anyone knew that I was sorry—"

Lady Merriam could not understand! She knew nothing of the reasonless jealousy which Sonia had cherished against little Nurse Anderson; she did not understand that Sonia was ashamed to the depths of her heart because she could not help but grieve for the man whom she believed had loved her forgotten her.

"I won't tell anyone . . . there is no one to tell. . . There is no one here but me . . ."

Lady Merriam promised soothingly, and even as she spoke she remembered old Jardine and the packet in her lap.

Sonia was crouching against the pillows with her face hidden in her hands; Lady Merriam noticed that she no longer wore the big diamond ring Montague had given her.

"If I could only just have said good-bye to him," she said again brokenly. "And now I'll never know that I was sorry—sorry—I shall never know if he forgave me. . . and I said such cruel things to him."

In her tortured imagination she was living again that night of the Red Cross ball; that night when Chatterton had put his arms round her and asked, "Sonia, do you love me?"

How many times since had she thought of the little passionate thrill in his voice, and the close pressure of his arms; how many times since had she not longed to live that moment over again; longed to go back to that night and turn and put her arms round his neck and answer truthfully, "I love you with all my heart and soul."

Instead she had cloaked her heart with silly pride and told him not to be sentimental. . .

And now it was too late; now not even her wildest prayers could reach him—where he lay. Lady Merriam drew the girl's cold, trembling hands down from her face; she took the little packet which bore Chatterton's writing on its cover and put it gently into the quivering fingers.

"Richard left it with Mr. Jardine—for you," she said, gently. "Before he went away, he asked Mr. Jardine to give it to you if—if he never came back. . ."

She waited a moment, but Sonia did not speak, so she went softly from the room, shutting the door after her.

Sonia sat quite still, staring down at the little packet in her hands. . .

It seemed so long—so long since she had seen Richard's handwriting, so long since those brief happy days when she had looked so eagerly for his little scribbled notes, and the presents which he had showered upon her in the early days of their engagement.

It was like a message from the dead—this last letter—even though he had written it in the prime and strength of his manhood.

"Miss Markham . . ."

It was something that hurt her sore heart even in the two ordinary words; wonderful because he had written them; wonderful because he had been thinking of her at the moment of writing.

Presently she slipped down from the bed and carried the little parcel over to the dressing-table; she turned on the light there, and, with shaking hands, carefully cut open the flap of the bulky envelope.

## "DICK!—DICK!"

BUT then her courage failed her; memory came surging back in such a torrent that for the moment it blinded and deafened her; it was like stepping back into a bygone year, and finding herself once more happy and beloved with Chatterton by her side.

"But he is dead! Dead!" She spoke the words aloud with a sort of anguished insistence, as if by so doing she were to be cheated even for an instant by that glimpse of a golden past.

It would be but walking in a fool's paradise to turn her eyes to that treacherous memory; but by laying up a fresh store of suffering . . .

With slow fingers she drew the many folded sheets from the covering envelope; they were covered with Chatterton's big, scrawly writing, and smeared in one or two places as if he had written in great haste.

It was all so familiar—she had seen just such letters written by him many times before, and with sudden overwhelming heartbreak she lifted the sheets to her lips. . .

"Dick! Dick!" She thought she spoke his name aloud, but it was only in her heart she heard it echo. She sat down by the dressing-table and spread the closely-written sheets out amongst the little silver trinkets.

There was no address at the head of the letter, but it was dated some weeks back; there was no real beginning to it either—the words just started with a sort of impulse which seemed to break at the time he wrote . . .

"I don't know if you will ever see this, Sonia—if you do, it will just mean that I have gone under once and for ever, and that there is no question of forgiveness between you and I. . . There is so much I want to say to you, and yet now I am trying to write it down in black and white the words just won't come. . ."

She always used to tell her friends that she never remembered . . . and yet they meant so much more than ever you guessed—perhaps more than even I myself knew until now, when it is too late. . .

I know what a disappointment I have been to you. Looking back now on everything I have let slip, I can see what a selfish fool I was all along—but I did love you—I did love you. . .

"I'm such a dunder at saying what I mean. . . it's all in my heart, Sonia, if you could see it only I can't write it down. . . Dearest—but I suppose I mustn't call you that any longer—if you knew what I've suffered since that night you sent me away. . ."

He went on to say that he never guessed to make it so much harder. . . If I could only blame you! But I can't. . . you were always much too good for me. Sonia, I do hope you'll be happy. . . I have no more than anything for the world to write this to you—you who were to have been my wife! . . . We planned such a wonderful future, and now none of it will come true. . . But I've done what you always wanted me to do. . . I don't know why I never guessed before what it was that looked at me from your eyes with that sort of wistful appeal.

"I'd slacked about so long, and life had been so easy, it's all the excuse I can find for my self, and it's a poor excuse, oh, Heaven knows. . . Sonia, if you ever read this, it will mean I am dead. . . It looks a sort of maudlin sentiment now, written down in cold blood, but that's what it will be, if you ever get to read these lines, and so there is just one thing I must say to you. . . Whatever happens I shall always love you. . . You are more to me now than anything in the world. . ."

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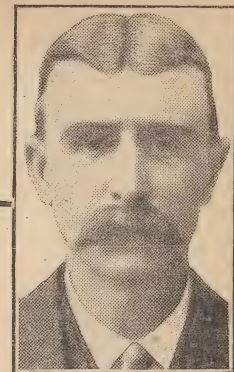
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(Continued on page 13.)



Our portrait is of Mr. J. G. Vale, of 202, Waleran Buildings, Old Kent Road, London, S.E., who writes:—

"It is with much pleasure I write to let you know I have been completely cured by your Clarke's Blood Mixture. I had been a

## Great Sufferer

from

## PILES

for Seven Years

and I tried several advertised cures without any benefit. Then I was advised to try 'Clarke's Blood Mixture,' and after taking five small bottles was quite cured. It is ten months since the cure, and there has been no return. I shall recommend it to all I know, and shall be pleased to answer any inquiries, as I cannot speak too highly of 'Clarke's Blood Mixture.'"

## Do You Suffer

from any disease due to impure blood, such as Eczema, Scrofula, Bad Legs, Abscesses, Ulcers, Glandular Swellings, Boils, Pimples, Sores of any kind, Piles, Blood Poison, Rheumatism, Gout, &c.?

If so, don't waste your time and money on useless lotions and messy ointments which cannot get below the surface of the skin. What you want and what you must have to be permanently cured is a medicine that will thoroughly free the blood of the poisonous matter which alone is the true cause of all your suffering. Clarke's Blood Mixture is just such a medicine. It is composed of ingredients which quickly expel from the blood all impurities from whatever cause arising, and by rendering it clean and pure can be relied upon to effect a lasting cure.

# CLARKE'S BLOOD MIXTURE

By reason of its Remarkable Blood Purifying Properties is universally recognised as

## THE WORLD'S BEST REMEDY FOR SKIN & BLOOD DISEASES

Clarke's Blood Mixture is pleasant to take, and warranted free from anything injurious to the most delicate constitution of either sex, from infancy to old age.

Sold by all chemists and stores, 2/9 per bottle (six times the quantity, 11/-).

REFUSE ALL SUBSTITUTES.





Mr. Stanhope Forbes.

**Mr. Stanhope Forbes, R.A.**, is an Irishman, educated at Dulwich, who studied his art at Bonnat's atelier in Paris, made his first success with a picture of a Brittany village street, and founded a school of art at Newlyn, near Penzance, in Cornwall.

#### Went for a Week and Stayed for Years.

Many of his later pictures show scenes in the neighbourhood of his Cornish home. He lives there in a comfortable old stone farmhouse, to which he has added a studio. He first went there many years ago for a short holiday, but he liked Newlyn so much that he stayed for twenty-five years and more.

#### A Quarter of an Acre of Cellars.

I was talking to a man yesterday who knows a lot about the royal wine cellars—which will be taking a short holiday for the next few months—and he tells me that there is about a quarter of an acre of cellarage filled with some of the finest wines—and some of the oldest, which is not always the same thing.

#### 1760 Port!

Some of the bottles of wine in the royal cellars are of such great antiquity that they are only preserved as curiosities. One of these is a bottle of port wine 150 years old, which was taken by a British sloop from a pirate craft.

#### An Egyptian Vintage.

But perhaps the most interesting object in the royal cellars is an Egyptian stone bottle containing wine reputed to be many hundreds of years old, which was found near the Pyramids by a traveller and given to King Edward when he was a young man.

#### Plenty of Work To Be Done.

By the way, people seem to imagine that because no wine is to be drunk in the royal household "until further notice" that Mr. Kingscote, the King's Gentleman of the Cellars, and his staff will have no work to do. But this, of course, is not the case. The cellar staff has nothing to do with the serving of the wine for consumption; its task is to preserve and tend the wines before they are brought to table, as well as to buy new stocks.

#### Wants Much Care.

If because no wine were being drunk at the moment the royal cellars were shut up and abandoned, some of the best wine in the world would be ruined by the end of the month. Wine needs as careful nursing as do, say, orchids.

#### Some Striking Photographs.

To-morrow's *Sunday Pictorial* is going to spring a surprise on you in the way of photographs. I saw a few of them yesterday, and they are some of the most striking war pictures that have yet been taken. They include vivid scenes of war on both eastern and western fronts.

#### Mr. Payne's Cartoons.

I have told you about the special articles which have been secured. They are as brilliant as ever, and yesterday I had a look at what I can see is going to become one of the *Sunday Pictorial's* most popular features, Mr. G. M. Payne's amusing cartoon. Mr. Payne's commentaries (in pencil, or rather pen and ink) on the world's news are inimitable.

#### No. 5 To-morrow.

No. 5 of the *Sunday Pictorial* comes out to-morrow. Order it now if you are wise.

#### A Little Compliment.

By way of paying us a compliment, an English journal has been founded at Ypres. Well, that is perhaps putting it a bit too strong, but the proprietor of the Flemish journal *Het Ypersche Volk* has added another title to it, the *Ypres Weekly News*. Some of the articles in the paper appear in English, the rest being in Flemish and French.

## THIS MORNING'S GOSSIP

#### Worse Than the British Censor.

#### How Undermanic!

Some people think the British Censor is the "limit." But there are others. "I remember one evening," writes my Paris Gossip, "a French confrère complaining that in the account of an engagement in the north of France there occurred the words 'over a field of beetroot' and when the page came back from the Censor's office 'of beetroot' had been struck out."

#### Lord Headfort's New Appointment.

The German Censor is apparently just as bad. The editor of a harmless sheet in the Fatherland received permission to resume publication, but after a few numbers had appeared he was sent for and told to suppress the feuilleton. Why? Because in the story a lady whose hand was sought for by an Englishman and a German gave the preference to the Englishman!

#### Lord Headfort's New Appointment.

Lord Headfort has gone back to the Army. I read yesterday that he had been gazetted an Aide-de-Camp, with the temporary rank of lieutenant. Lord Headfort used to be in the Life Guards; he was a lieutenant in that regiment when he married at the beginning of the century Miss Rosie Boote, of the Gaiety Theatre.



Lady Headfort.

#### That Irish Voice.

Lady Headfort has made as great a success as a society woman as she did on the stage. She is one of the most popular of Irish hostesses—they say that her wonderful Irish voice has won half life's battles for her.

#### Golf and Snapshots.

Both Lord and Lady Headfort are keen golfers, and Lady Headfort is one of the best women badminton players in the country. Lord Headfort shares his enthusiasm for golf with a devotion to amateur photography. Some of the pictures he has made of his house and gardens in Co. Meath are worthy of the best professionals.

#### Lord Bective.

The heir to the title, little Lord Bective, who will be thirteen on the first of next month, has been brought up in the Roman Catholic faith, which is his mother's, so that when, in the natural order of things, he succeeds to the Marquisate, the Headfort peerage will be added to the list of British Roman Catholic titles.

#### Popular Hardware.

Since the war began English folk seem to speak much more freely about their business than they did formerly. One man whom I have known for years—a very pleasant fellow—has, I only learnt a few days ago, a big interest in the manufacture of hardware goods. He told me that it was almost impossible to cope with the demand for gardening implements at the present moment.

#### Why Not Tax These?

But I was surprised when he added that another article for which a sudden demand had sprung up was the plated pocket spirit flask. Here we see the reverse side of the temperance shield, and get an indication of the methods some people are devising to meet the threatened prohibition of spirits. Why should there not be a sumptuary tax on the pocket flask?

#### Snapshots from Home.

I hear of a reversal of the order of things in the matter of snapshots. Instead of relatives and friends at the front sending back photographs, they are being sent out from home to cheer the absent ones up. Anything that is likely to be amusing is photographed and forwarded, and groups of cheery people are very popular.

#### The Leather Caps.

I had a chat yesterday with one of the soldiers with the leather caps who, as most people now know, are a section of the Australian Expeditionary Force, now quartered in this country. They are very proud of their distinctive caps, as of the rest of their equipment, which, to the minutest detail, is of the best Australian material and all manufactured in the Commonwealth. My Cornstalk boasted that his outfit was guaranteed to last for ever.

#### Hero of Elands River.

With even greater pride he spoke of his commanding officer, Colonel Tunbridge, who was actually in command of the 500 Colonial troops who held Elands River against over 4,000 Boers, one of the best things in the whole African War. "We stood for 2,700 shells in the first forty-eight hours," said my informant, who was in the fight, "and someone was talking about surrender. Do you know what Colonel Tunbridge said?"

#### Kept the Flag Flying.

The rendering of Colonel Tunbridge's command given by the man in the leather cap, stripped of its lurid emphasis, was that anyone laying a finger on the flag would be shot on the spot. So the flag was kept flying, till relief came, in the face of overwhelming odds. It is easy to see that his men worship the Colonel.

#### As She Is Wrote.

Captain Thierichens, of the interned liner Prinz Eitel Friedrich, is better known in Hamburg than in London, but I met him at the now defunct German Club a few years ago, and I remember that he spoke better English than the quaint verbiage of his letter to the American Customs would lead one to suppose.

#### Seemed an Anglophile.

He struck me as being, for a German, very keen on England and English ways. He conveyed the opinion that in naval matters we were far beyond all other nations, "unapproachable for a generation" was as nearly as I can remember his phrase.

#### Miss Ellis Jeffreys.

Mr. Frederick Harrison, of the Haymarket Theatre, tells me that he has arranged to produce Miss Gertrude Jennings's one-act play, "Five Birds in a Cage," in front of Mr. H. A. Vachell's new comedy, "Quinneys," on Tuesday week. Miss Ellis Jeffreys has been specially engaged to be one of the birds. Miss Jeffreys will be a duchess in this new play, I hear.

Miss Ellis Jeffreys.

#### What the Title Means.

I heard a good deal about the five birds yesterday. The scene is laid in a Tube lift—that is the cage. The birds—well, they are the occupants.

#### The Workhouse, Kitchen and Nursing Home.

Miss Jennings's one-act plays are getting to be a feature of the London theatre world. You remember her other most successful ones have been the workhouse play, "Acid Drops"; that amusing scene in a kitchen, "Between the Soup and the Savory," and the nursing home play, "The Rest Cure." They were all vastly amusing.

#### Mr. de Lara's Concerts.

The British composers owe a debt of gratitude to Mr. Isidore de Lara, who is persistently and patriotically putting their music to the fore. The public appreciate it, I am sure. A more attentive audience than the one at Steinway Hall on Thursday could not be imagined.

#### The Blind Composer.

It was most restful to be among the quiet crowd. One of the most interested of the people there was Mr. W. Wolstenholme, the blind composer. He accompanied Mr. Lionel Tertis, and afterwards sat among the audience for the rest of the programme.

THE RAMBLER.

## THE BEST THAT MONEY CAN BUY

Whatever your station in life, the tea you will enjoy—and can afford to buy, despite the duty—is **LYONS'**. The wealthy like it because it is the best; the thrifty buy it because it is the most economical.

Buy LYONS' TEA always—and enjoy a reputation for "a good cup of tea."

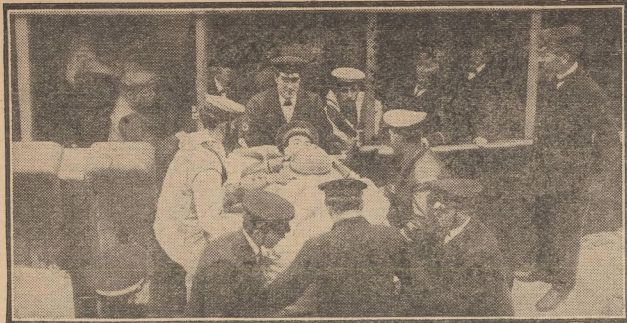
# Lyons' Tea

FIVE MILLION PACKETS Sold Every Week by 160,000 Shop-keepers





# WOUNDED MEN BROUGHT TO ENGLAND.



Carrying a wounded man ashore from a hospital ship. He is one of those who took part in the operations in the Dardanelles.

## RICHARD CHATTERTON, V.C.

(Continued from page 11.)

"That night at the dance . . . but it's no use going back to all that. I deserved what I got. But whatever happens, whatever people tell you, it's not true that I did not love you. I always loved you. I love you now. I shall love you till I die and afterwards! . . . Try and forgive me, little girl. Try and believe that it was only thoughtlessness and ignorance that made me make such a muddle of everything. . . . Sometimes I wonder what would have happened if this war hadn't come along. We should have got married, I suppose, and then some day I should have failed you at some other crisis, and you would have been disappointed, just the same as you are now. . . . So perhaps it's just as well that things have happened this way. . . .

I enclose a letter which I took from Montague's mantelpiece that night of the dance. He never saw it. I took it away after I answered the 'phone to you, when you thought you were speaking to him. . . . Something seemed to stand still in my heart that night when I heard you speak as you did; and yet all the time it was all I deserved. . . . I haven't read the letter, Sonia, though hundreds of times I've been just mad with longing to tear it open and see for myself what you really thought, longing and yet, Dearest, I don't want to drive, and it isn't easy to remember that these words ever reach you it won't matter to me any longer what you think or what you say; but I feel that I must keep on telling you how much I love you. You're in my thoughts all day and all night. Every woman who comes along the street makes my heart race in case it might be you. . . . If I could only see you! Only speak to you just once more. . . .

Here the letter broke off abruptly, as if the writer had been called away.

Sonia laid the sheet down in her lap; she was trembling from head to foot. It was all a dream, a phantasy, this letter from the man she believed had forgotten her; it was a cruel mockery that only now, when it was too late, she should know that he had always cared.

The very incoherent repetition of what he felt drove home its sincerity.

Perhaps he had tried to stifle his feelings during those last weeks, as she had; perhaps he, too, had walked London, longing and yet dreading to meet her; perhaps he, too, that day in Trafalgar-square had wanted to speak to her, but had been afraid—even as she!

Sitting there, looking down at his handwriting, reading the clumsy expression of his remorse and pain, it seemed impossible that the living, breathing man who had penned those words was no more!

Impossible that there was no longer any Richard Chatterton, but only another nameless grave added to the thousands out there in France. . . . How could such a strong man die? How could his life be taken when she loved him so?

And he had no word of blame for her; there was not the smallest allusion to all the hard things she had said to him; she moistened her dry lips—they felt hot and trembling, but there were no tears in her eyes—she felt as if she could never shed another tear as long as she lived.

She took up the remaining pages, and began to read.

Her own letter—the one she had written in that mad moment of angry pique to Francis Montague—fell from the sheets to the floor, where she let it lie unheeded. . . . she forgot what she had said in it, neither did she care. That madness was over and done with.

The next page of Chatterton's letter was dated two days later. . . .

"Since I wrote to you there are rumours that we may soon be sent out to the front. I am glad it has come; I can't stand London now after what has happened. . . . But I shan't have anyone to be sorry because I am going. . . . Sonia, sometimes I feel as if I could throw myself down and cry like a girl when I think of the awful hash I have made of my life. . . . You'll smile at that! You never thought I had much feeling, I know. . . . This is such an inadequate letter. . . . I don't read it through or it

would never be sent at all . . . and I shall have to finish now, as I am due on parade in a few minutes. . . . Carter is in the same company as I am—you always said I should never be able to exist without him, and it looks like it, doesn't it? He's a good fellow—it was he who indirectly made me enlist. . . . So this is really good-bye! I don't know how to say it properly; there do not seem to be any words in the English language that can express all I feel as I write this. . . .

"Dearest, if I have got to die out there in France I shall die loving you. I shall be thinking of you the very last minute of all—longing for you—wondering only if you will be just a little sorer when you hear. . . . I am giving this to old Jardine to keep; he's a white man! I never liked anyone half as well as I like him. . . . I hope you will always keep him as a friend—he's such a true friend. . . . I haven't time to write any more, and yet in spite of all these

DON'T MISS  
TO-MORROW'S

## SUNDAY PICTORIAL

The Best Sunday  
Picture Newspaper

pages I seem to have said nothing. But it all comes back to this—I love you, my little wife that was to have been, and I ask you on my knees to forgive me for all the disappointment and unhappiness I have caused you. Sonia, if only I could hold you in my arms once more. . . .

But here the letter broke off and finished. Surely there was more—surely she had missed a page somewhere. . . . with shaking hands she counted them through, sorting them out in order; but there was nothing more—nothing that had escaped her notice. . . . all her life she would never hear from him again—never tell him that she, too, had always loved him—that she had been mad to think she could ever care for another man; that nobody else mattered in all the wide, desolate world now he was no longer there.

"Dick! Dick!" His name came to her lips now. Brokenheartedly she fell on her knees, sobbing and wailing like a child; in her anguish it seemed as if by the very strength of her desire she must reach him where he lay—reach him and bring him back. . . .

"Dick! Dick!" But there was no answer—no answer.

There will be another splendid instalment on Monday.

Damage to the extent of £20,000 was done by a fire which early yesterday morning practically gutted Wood Green Picture Palladium.

## LUNTIN MIXTURE.



A BLEND  
OF THE  
FINEST  
TOBACCOES.

6d. PER OUNCE. 2/- QUARTER POUND TINS.

THOMSON & PORTEOUS,  
EDINBURGH.

Manufacturers of the above and also

ALDERWOOD MIXTURE 5d.  
TWO HOURS MIXTURE PER OUNCE 5d.

## BEFORE THE MIRROR.

By "JEANNETTE."

"Jeannette," the well-known writer on Beauty Culture and author of "The Book of Beauty," will be pleased to help and advise any reader on matters of the Toilet. Queries should be accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope and directed to "Jeannette," care of "Before the Mirror," 43, Gray's Inn-road, London, W.C.

These are, undoubtedly, days of exceptional nervous strain for one and all of us. Anxiety, with its beauty-destroying influence, is casting its shadow over the lives of many of us women, and while, perhaps, a few—the more stoical amongst us—can avoid worrying over past and prospective events, we may all, with a little care and forethought, succeed in preventing the results of worry from being noticeable in our appearance. To these fortunate few, this little chat will, however, be as interesting and instructive as to those who stand in real need of help in toilet matters, and may be the means of bringing to their notice some hitherto unknown method of retaining, or regaining, that beauty of face and figure which is the birthright of every woman. Some of the ingredients mentioned below are, at present, not generally known to the public, but any good chemist will usually be found to have a small quantity in stock.

**Some Hints About the Hair.—An Excellent Shampoo.**—Few women realise how all-important a really good shampoo is if the hair is to be kept in perfect condition. To shampoo the hair properly shake it down, comb it out, then dip the fingers into a little pure olive or almond oil, and thoroughly massage the scalp. Then mix a teaspoonful of starch granules in a cup of warm water. Fill a basin with warm water, into which the ends of the hair can fall, and shampoo the hair with the roots in the usual way. Rinse, and dry by fanning, or in the open air, if the weather permits. Should the hair be exceptionally greasy, the oil massage of the scalp should be omitted. Starch can be bought at any chemist in quarter-pound sealed packages; it keeps indefinitely, and one package is sufficient for twenty-five or thirty shampoos.

**A Tonic for Thin or Falling Hair.**—When the hair falls unduly, or has become thin and impoverished, a tonic should be applied every night for six or eight weeks to make a simple and inexpensive but most efficacious lotion, at home, take a quarter of a pint of bay rum and add to it one ounce of borax. Shake thoroughly and leave for thirty minutes, then strain, and add sufficient water to make half a pint. Every night massage the scalp for ten minutes, going over the entire head, then dab the mixture into the roots with a soft sponge. Regular brushing for a few minutes every morning will also help to improve the condition of the hair.

**The Question of Grey Hair.**—The arrival of the first grey hair is always a worry to women, for, while silver hair is undoubtedly beautiful, iron grey, or streaked tresses, are far from being so, and they are not only unbecoming, but a sure tell-tale of age in these days of eternal youth. It is not generally known that one ounce of tannin, procurable at the chemist, mixed with four cups of bay rum, makes a most satisfactory lotion for restoring grey hair to its original colour. All that is necessary is to apply the lotion night and morning with a soft tooth-brush. In a few days the hair will be found to be gradually regaining its proper shade.

**To Wave the Hair.**—Never wave the hair with hot irons—if you value the beauty of your tresses. The heat makes the hair harsh and brittle, and in the case of fair or auburn hair, entirely spoils the colour, while it undoubtedly hastens the advent of grey hairs. To give a wave to straight hair it is only necessary to damp it with elmerine, and either plait it lightly, tying the ends, or arrange it in waving rings for a short time. A couple of ounces will last quite a long time.

**A Greasy Skin and Blackheads.**—A greasy, oily skin, with blackheads and enlarged pores, is a sore nuisance entirely spoiling the life with her appearance. Entirely removed with but little trouble. Blackheads, and the dull, dirty look of the skin which accompanies them, dissolve one styrol tablet in a glass of hot water. Allow the effervescence to subside, then dip a small soft sponge into the liquid, and bathe the face. Leave on the skin for a few minutes, then dry with a towel, and the blackheads will come right off. For a greasy skin, bathe the face three times a week with styrol, and spray with cold water every morning, using a vulcanite throat spray.

**The Secret of a Good Complexion.**—The secret of a good complexion is so simple, that were it only more widely known, there would be no such thing as a rough, blotchy skin. Nature has decreed that the outer cuticle, when it is overgrown and dies, shall be removed, but so many women fail to realise this. To remove, by absorption, the dead outer skin, and give the complexion its all its prime beauty, mercurized wax is recommended; ordinary creams and lotions being quite ineffectual for this purpose. Smear the wax over the face and neck, rub it gently into the skin, and leave for the night. In the morning wash it off, using a good soap, such as Pileta, and all the dead skin will be removed with the wax. Then apply a lotion to remove any trace of greasiness and brace up the skin, making it firm and white. The lotion can be made at home quite easily, by mixing one ounce of clemantine in four tablespoonfuls of hot water. Bottle, and when cool, apply to the face with a soft sponge, or the tips of the fingers, allowing it to dry on the skin.

**To Remove Superfluous Hair.**—Superfluous hair is the bane of many an otherwise pretty woman's life. Sometimes it is due to hereditary tendencies, with others, it is the result of bad soap or greasy face creams; but be the cause what it may, the result is always disfiguring. To remove the growth, apply a little powdered phenol. First dust the skin with cold water to a paste, which should be spread on the skin with a bone knife. Leave on for two minutes, then wash off. About one ounce should be sufficient for the most stubborn case. Powdered phenol can be obtained from any reliable chemist, and its use not only removes the growth, but eventually kills the roots permanently.

PARKER BELMONT'S LIQUID NAIL POLISH.  
Is. ALL CHEMISTS.—(Adv't.)

INDIAN

## LUCY STONE

FREE.

Do you want to change your luck? Do you want to be fortunate in life, successful in business, and to have everything come your way? If so you should possess my rare Indian "Lucy Stone," which has brought good luck and happiness to thousands. In order to further introduce these mysterious, beautiful and lucky stones from Ceylon, I am giving away a limited number. Write to-day, enclosing stamp for booklet about the "Lucy Stone," containing letters from people who possess them, together with particulars of free offer.

R. S. FIELD (Dent. D.), 58, Leaden Hall, London.



Grandpa says:  
"Yes, sir! I'm 70 years young!  
Aye, young enough to enjoy  
a bit of good Toffee. That  
'Toffee de Luxe' does keep  
the years out of sight, and  
brings back boyhood days."

Mackintosh's "Toffee de Luxe" is  
enjoyed by just young and old. You will  
find it just right at your age.  
Buy some to-day.

## Wash-day Ended! Worries

No more hard work, and the washing done in less than one quarter the usual time. The old "rub and scrub" method is superseded by—  
**BRADFORD'S "VOWEL" WASHER**  
No internal mechanism. Easy in operation, and will last a lifetime.  
A MONTH'S FREE TRIAL BEFORE PURCHASE.

Washing Machines from 85/- Carriage  
Wringing Machines from 25/- Special Discount.  
BUTTER FLOURS, BUTTERWAX, RHEIN,  
LABOUR-SAVERS FOR THE HOUSE.  
"Everything for the House and Dairy."  
Write for Illustrated Catalogue (No. 323) A.  
THOS. BRADFORD & Co., Manufacturers,  
14-16, HIGH HOLBORN, LONDON.  
130, Bell St., Liverpool; 1, Deansgate, Manchester

Our Soldiers prepare for the trials of Marching by rubbing CHERRY YELLOW DUBBIN upon their feet as well as upon their boots. It keeps the feet warm and prevents sores. Manufactured by Makers of CHERRY BLOSSOM BOOT POLISH.—(Adv't.)



## WEST-END SPECIALIST'S REMARKABLE NEW CURE FOR OBESITY.

Great Discovery that Reduces  
Weight and Measurements  
at Patient's Wish.

## WRITE AT ONCE FOR FREE BOOKLET AND PARTICULARS.

Extraordinary success has followed Mr. Vernon-Ward's recent introduction to this country of a wonderful new Cure for Obesity. At his well-known West-End and Hove addresses splendid results are daily achieved without the use of obsolete and often dangerous methods, such as harmful drugs, tiring exercises or weakening baths.

This wonderful Treatment goes to the root of the disorder, and cures by natural means. It arouses the sluggish system, so that it throws off all excess of fatty tissue, and cures it of the tendency to store up superfluous flesh again.

## HARMLESS AND PLEASANT METHOD OF WEIGHT AND MEASUREMENT REDUCTION.

If you find that your weight is steadily increasing and robbing you of the pleasures of an active life; if you cannot undertake the least exertion without getting out of breath, write at once for the interesting particulars that Mr. Vernon-Ward is sending free to every applicant.

This splendid new Cure for Obesity will give you back the health and vigour of years ago, and restore the natural contour and beauty of figure. Age makes no difference to the success of this System. The Treatment is so harmless that it cannot injure the most delicate invalid.

## CURES DOUBLE-CHIN, TOO-PROMINENT HIPS OR ABDOMEN.

A remarkable feature of this wonderful invention is the ease with which the reduction of superfluous flesh can be confined to particular parts of the body if desired, instead of taking place generally. Thus a woman can be cured of Double-Chin, or if she wishes her Hips or Bust to be reduced, this can be accomplished without disturbing the development of the limbs. A man, too, who is troubled with a Too-Prominent Abdomen is able to regain a normal waist-measurement and yet leave the rest of the body as it is.

## RESTORES HEALTH AND VIGOUR.

The Treatment that Mr. Vernon-Ward administers possesses still another valuable and unique feature. In addition to permanently reducing weight and measurements with certainty, this remarkably successful method of curing Obesity is most strengthening to the nervous system. Patients who are suffering from General Debility, Rheumatism and Muscular Trouble derive great benefit because the whole circulatory system is invigorated.

Mr. Vernon-Ward's new Cure for Obesity has the cordial approval of the Medical Profession. So much so that, in addition to recommending it to their Patients, Doctors themselves frequently come for Treatment.

## PARTICULARS AND ADVICE FREE.

Mr. Vernon-Ward extends an invitation to all who are too stout to visit him at his Consulting Rooms, 106, Jermyn Street, London, S.W., or 42, St. Aubyns, Hove, Sussex, so that he may explain his method, and his kindly and sympathetic consideration of each case is given quite free of any cost.

If, however, you cannot call, you should write for the official particulars he is at present sending Post Free to applicants. The address to write to is Mr. Vernon-Ward, 106, Jermyn Street, London, S.W., or 42, St. Aubyns, Hove, Sussex.—(Advt.)

## WAR AND GENERAL NEWS ITEMS.

### Fifty Brave Bachelor Policemen.

All the fifty bachelors in the Portsmouth police force, which has about 230 members, have volunteered for Army service.

### How She Knew.

"I know she was conscious and sensible," said a witness at Lambeth coroner's court, yesterday, "because she tried to borrow money."

### From Signal-box to Bench.

Signalman B. Kirkby, of the Batley branch of the National Union of Railwaymen, is among the new magistrates for the West Riding of Yorkshire.

### Rewarded with a Commission.

In recognition of his assistance since the outbreak of war, the Admiralty has granted Mr. T. W. Moore, secretary of the Imperial Merchant Service Guild, the honorary rank of Lieutenant in the Royal Naval Reserve.

## "EYES RIGHT!"

### War Office Approval of Spectacles for Soldiers, but No Change in Sight Test.

The War Office has approved of the issue of spectacles to soldiers whose eyesight is defective.

While the wearing of spectacles in Territorial regiments has always been fairly common, with men in the Regular Army it is not so.

Among the points which this new War Office procedure raises is whether men offering to enlist will still be barred from wearing glasses while undergoing the sight test.

Hitherto this test has been a severe one, and has resulted in only those whose eyesight is perfect or merely slightly defective passing the examination.

Upon inquiry at the War Office it was stated that there had been no change whatever in the nature of the sight test for recruits.

It would appear that the new order is intended only to apply to those soldiers whose

## BE SURE AND ORDER TO-MORROW'S SUNDAY PICTORIAL TO-DAY

sight permits of their passing the existing tests, but who may have some slight defect which is no real barrier to them in their work.

Many of these men, in fact, were probably in the habit of wearing glasses in civilian life, but concealed this fact when being examined. The wearing of glasses in the ranks will thus be an additional asset to them.

### CATARRICK RACING RETURNS.

1.30.—Manor House Plate, St.-Calvard (2-1).  
Brombury (6-4); 2. King's Head (10-1); 3. 12 ran.  
2.0.—Bedale Handicap, 1m.—Doridan (5-1); 1. Marechal Saxe (5-1); 2. South Meadow (4-1); 3. 15 ran.  
2.30.—Gran T.V.O. Plate, St.—Dress (4-7); 1. Young Man (20-1); 2. Wild Countess (7-2); 3. 7 ran.  
3.0.—Brought Hill Welter, 1 1/2m.—Wingman (6-1); 1. Fortfist (5-1); 2. Gummot (10-1); 3. 8 ran.  
3.30.—Brombury T.V.O. Plate, St.—Kinsale (7-4); 1. Merry Mabel (7-4); 2. Clifton Lassie (6-1); 3. 14 ran.  
4.0.—Barnard T.V.O. Plate, St.—Jester (evens); 1. Redwood (evens); 2. Blue Knight (33-1); 3. 4 ran.

Jim Prendy and Jack Daniels meet in a ten-rounds contest at the Ring tonight.

### Where Women Will Get the Vote.

The New Danish Constitution Bill, which it is expected will be passed soon, says Reuter, gives women the right to vote.

### To Be Court-Martialled for Cowardice.

A soldier charged with desertion at Thames Police Court yesterday was told he would be taken back to be court-martialled for cowardice.

### Mr. Asquith Thanks Miners.

Mr. Asquith has telegraphed to the secretary of the Ashton miners the Government's thanks to the men for sacrificing the greater part of their customary Easter holidays.

### Unsocial Government.

The German Government stopped the publication of three Socialist papers in Essen, Solingen, and Remscheid respectively, for three days, says the Exchange, because they published an article by Eduard Bernstein.

## NEWBURY CUP TO-DAY.

The opening stage of the Newbury meeting provided some splendid sport yesterday when the Greenham Stakes resulted in a dead-heat between Sunfire and Let Fly. They were ridden by the brothers W. and E. Huxley respectively, and both jockeys were seen at their best in a stirring finish.

To-day the chief prize is the Newbury Cup, which may bring out the following:

|   |    |                                 |              |
|---|----|---------------------------------|--------------|
| 9 | 0  | Mr. J. B. Joel's BLUE STONE     | G. Stern     |
| 8 | 13 | Mr. H. H. Cigar                 | E. Piper     |
| 6 | 12 | Lord Rosebery's WRACK           | F. Rickaby   |
| 8 | 12 | Mr. B. Fraser's ANDALUSIA       | F. Bullock   |
| 8 | 11 | Mr. C. Wadde's FIZ YAMA         | F. Herbert   |
| 5 | 11 | Mr. J. Wilson's CHEERFUL        | C. Trigg     |
| 4 | 8  | Lord Alston's DRAGONFLY         | H. Meadows   |
| 4 | 8  | Mr. J. East's LIE A-BED         | J. Clark     |
| 4 | 8  | Mr. J. Jones's GUNNAR           | H. H. Huxley |
| 4 | 8  | Mr. P. Selke's OUTRAM           | M. Wing      |
| 4 | 8  | Mr. J. Buchanan's DRAUGHTSMAN   | W. G. Gills  |
| 4 | 7  | Mr. B. Farquhar's MOUNT WILLIAM | E. Gardner   |
| 4 | 7  | Mr. F. Bibby's KING'S SCHOLAR   | C. Fox       |
| 4 | 7  | Mr. J. Ivall's PREVOYANT        | C. Poy       |
| 4 | 7  | Mr. J. Leigh's CLAIRVOYANT      | J. H. Martin |
| 4 | 7  | Mr. Hulton's WOODWIND           | D. Dick      |
| 4 | 7  | Lord Westbury's TALAMA HILL     | S. Donoghue  |
| 4 | 7  | Mr. J. Tanner's GUNNER          | A. Whalley   |
| 4 | 7  | Mr. P. Broome's CHANCELLOR II   | R. Cooper    |

Outram was none too lucky in the Lincolnshire, and he should make amends here. Cigar is expected to get a place. Complete selections are as follow:

2.0.—T.V.O. Selling Plate—FLEETING LOVE COIT.  
3.30.—Wills Plate—DICK DEADEYE.  
2.10.—Newbury Cup—OUTRAM. Cigar a place.  
3.45.—Manton Plate—ROBINSON'S SELECTED.  
3.15.—Flathead Handicap—KNIGHT OF GLIX.  
4.45.—Spring Stakes—SUN UMBRELLA.

DOUBLE EVENT FOR TO-DAY.  
DICK DEADEYE and OUTRAM.

### NEWBURY RACING RETURNS.

2.0.—JUVENILE PLATE, 5f.—HOUSE FULL (6-1). Fox; 1. Portia (2-1); 2. Blue Feather (7-1). 3. Also ran: Margaret Ada, Honest Richard, Belle Poole, Moorhen, Quin & Common Imp, Storm Queen, Loch Carr, St. Carens, Sandemare and Lendwyn.  
1.4.—GARDNER, 1 1/2m.—VEXILLUM (11-4). Gardner; 1. Agathon (100-8); 2. Auerhan (4-1). 3. Also ran: Donimithore, Towny, Langley, Sir Tristram, Clifton Hill, Feistery, Monty, Malmsey, Gubran, Scarlet Runner, Bandit and Eunice.

3.0.—GREENIAN STAKES, 1m.—SUNFIRE (6-1, W. Huxley) and LET FLY (11-4, E. Huxley), dead heat; 1. Volta (11-4). 3. Also ran: Follow Up, Catlistock, Costello, Comet and Wordworth.  
3.45.—BECKHAMPTON T.V.O. STAKES, 5f.—DUGGIE (5-3). Trigg; 1. Shabash (20-1); 2. Aurora (100-8). 3. Also ran: Fairgold, Nash, Sharp Frost, Ampleforth, Calumet e. Madams Sans Gene e. Amphitru, Olak and Sword. All Boy, Simon de Montfort, Nelson, Bradwin, Frances Mabel, J. Jessamin, Sun Disc, Talsia, Linen, Lorebink, Nova Scotia, North Cheshire, British Bird, Jeunisse, Silver Hunter, Merry Ida, and Irish Recruit.

4.15.—BENTLEY HANDICAP, 1 1/2m.—MY RONALD (10-1). C. Fry; 1. Lux (2-1); 2. Wormalthing (10-1). 3. Also ran: Dragoman, Rancette, Rushford, Queens's Bay, Superior, Sir Pichon, Tazington, Berlingo, Valentinian, Fakir III, and My Birthday.

4.45.—BENTLEY HANDICAP, 1 1/2m.—ROSEVILLE (5-1). Whalley; 1. Roi de Cour (2-1); 2. Speedyfoot (20-1). 3. Also ran: Trilby Square, Happy Fanny, Orford, Queen of the Brush, Ruler Bix, Queen's Head, General Wax, Mast-bout, Black Cap, Chaffinch II, Medusa, Lady Polotta, Cimolite, Miss Pinkerton, Volody's Salut, and Shipman.

## THE SECRET OF CURING HAIRY FACES

A SAFE, CERTAIN AND PLEASANT TREATMENT THAT REMOVES HAIR PERMANENTLY.

Large Trial Supply Sent to Every Reader

## FREE.

THE "DUVENETTE" METHOD of removing Superfluous Hair is delightfully pleasant and simple, and is so entirely different from the messy and burning processes hitherto employed, that ladies are strongly advised to grasp this opportunity of permanently ridding themselves of the trouble of Hairy Growths. Thousands of ladies have been treated by means of "Duvenette," and one and all agree that the results are truly delightful. To feel oneself free for ever from the affliction of Hair on the Face is worth much, but when, in addition to this blessing, it is realised that "Duvenette" has brought about an incredible improvement in the skin and complexion, removing various spots and blemishes, my patrons are at a loss for suitable words to express their gratification and pleasure. Remember that after using "Duvenette" the hairs can never grow again, for the roots are completely destroyed.

### SECURE THE GIFT OF YOUTH.

A clear complexion and skin free from hairy growths are the greatest charms of youth. They rightfully belong to every woman till long after middle age is passed.

Superfluous Hair and a poor complexion undoubtedly add very much to a woman's appearance, besides making her look unnatural and coarse.

If you are middle-aged or elderly, and have been troubled with hair on the face for years, your case is just as curable as if you had only lately detected the tendency. If the first fine hairs have appeared only recently, stop them growing and increasing at once by the use of "Duvenette," the only safe and reliable treatment. If you do not, they are certain to develop into a stronger and coarser growth.

The Duvenette method is so delightfully pleasant and simple that readers are recommended to lose no time in obtaining the free treatment and the reliable information on the subject contained in a booklet which will be sent to all applicants.

Although this method of removing hair from the face has only been before the public a comparatively short time, Mrs. Duvenette has already received thousands of letters of gratitude from women in all stations of life who have been relieved of their affliction by "Duvenette" and the hints contained in this book, and it may interest readers to see a specimen taken at random from these letters. The one in question was written by Mrs. D. Graham, of Bedford, and it reads as follows:—

"I carried out the instructions which you sent me, and I must tell you that I think your system is wonderful, for the hairs I had on my lips are all gone. Mine was a bad case, as I had such a strong growth, having used a depilatory for nearly eight years, and I am truly thankful for your assistance. Since using your remedy my skin has gradually improved, and is now soft and smooth.

Amongst other interesting facts disclosed by this book is that, by removing the hairs and improving the skin of the face by means of "Duvenette," one may easily look anything from ten to twenty-five years younger than formerly. Very convincing photographs illustrating this change in appearance are shown.

As only a limited edition of this book is available for public distribution, you are advised to write for a copy without delay. Give your name and address distinctly, saying whether you are Mrs. or Miss, and enclose 3d. stamps for postage and packing of the book and the free supply of "Duvenette." Application should be made to—

A. B. E. DUVENETTE,

142, Wardour Street, London, W.

**MANSION POLISH**

FOR LINOLEUM, FURNITURE, ETC.

"This is the tin which has built up my reputation as MANSION POLISH, the Busy Bee, and which has made me indispensable to the successful Housewife. MANSION POLISH, the new and superior preparation of highly concentrated Wax, imparts a beautiful lustrous shine to Furniture, Linoleum and Stained or Parquet Floors, preserves, renovates, and will not fingermark. I work very quickly, and with really brilliant results. Try me to-day and see for yourself."

Of all Dealers. In Tins 1d. to 1s. Prepared By The Chiswick Polish Co., Ltd., Chiswick, London, W., Makers of the famous Cherry Blossom Boot Polish.



# Let OXYGEN Act ON YOUR SKIN

**I**N VEN-YUSA, the Oxygen Face Cream, ladies have a toilet preparation which responds as no other cream can do, not only to their sense of refinement, but to their anticipation of lasting youthfulness and beauty. Ven-Yusa is an entirely unique preparation which embodies the principle of imparting beauty and health with the help of oxygen conveyed to the skin in a handy form.

**O**XYGEN is present to the extent of approximately one part in five in the air around us. It is present in country and seaside air to a somewhat larger extent and in a purer state than in the polluted atmosphere of our towns and ill-ventilated homes.

Hence the great value of a change of air for replacing pallor by a clear, healthy complexion.

Ven-Yusa brings the boon of this complexion-clearing oxygen in a compact handy medium right to the dressing-table.

**The Old Bad Way.**—Ordinary creams are often prepared with a total disregard of the delicacy of the human skin and its functions. In some cases, a preponderance of coarse animal fat and cheap vegetable oils is veiled by a heavy perfume, but their evil influence asserts itself in unsightly growths of hair on the face. In others, an excess of water gives an apparent softness and delicateness of "feel," but later leaves behind a roughness and chapped feeling that is most uncomfortable.

Some of these old-style creams, too, are so imperfect that the makers have to introduce gum to bind the unwilling ingredients together, and you may as well try to rub a piece of indiarubber into the skin as rub in such gummy creams.

## THE NOVELTY OF VEN-YUSA.

**R**EALISING the old-standing defects of ordinary toilet creams, the proprietors of Ven-Yusa sought for the solution of the complexion problem in a new direction, and, as a result of many scientific experiments, they have evolved Ven-Yusa—a novel preparation which is found to supply just that natural outside aid which the skin needs.

**A**S Ven-Yusa is gently rubbed over the face, neck, hands, or arms, as the case may be, the oxygen is liberated and enabled to exert its purifying and wholesome influence on the surrounding tissues. Certain it is that when Ven-Yusa is applied to the skin deep-lying changes of a wonderfully beneficent nature are set up.

**Weather's Discomforts.**—There is nothing so beneficial as Ven-Yusa to apply to the face, arms, hands, and neck before and after exposure to *keen winds, or bad weather.*

Let your skin enjoy pure oxygen is the latest fashionable cry among beauty seekers, and this to virtual accomplishment without stirring from one's own dressing-table. There is beauty in every jar of Ven-Yusa.

## A Dainty Free Gift for Ladies.

It is now quite the fashion to carry a miniature jar of Ven-Yusa in the hand-bag when out motoring, "calling," or shopping, and it's really wonderful what a cooling and refreshing effect a touch of Ven-Yusa has on the face. These miniature jars are dainty and novel, and their contents quickly demonstrate that Ven-Yusa puts the finishing touch to a lady's toilet. On receipt of two penny stamps (to cover cost of postage and packing), the Sole Proprietors, Messrs. C. E. Fulford, Ltd., Leeds, will send one of these free trial miniature jars of Ven-Yusa to any reader who sends this paragraph from "The Daily Mirror," 10/4/15.



is Assured by  
the Daily Use of VEN-YUSA

The Hall-Mark  
of  
Refinement.

# VEN-YUSA

## The Oxygen Face Cream.

Absolutely  
Non-  
Greasy.

Sold by Chemists and Perfumers in 1/- opal jars, which are a dainty acquisition to the appointments of the dressing-room and boudoir. Direct from the Sole Proprietors, C. E. Fulford, Ltd., Leeds.



# ORDER TO-MORROW'S BRILLIANT NUMBER OF THE "SUNDAY PICTORIAL"

## The Daily Mirror

CERTIFIED CIRCULATION LARGER THAN ANY OTHER PICTURE PAPER IN THE WORLD

**SUNDAY  
PICTORIAL**

Please deliver the "Sunday Pictorial" every week until further notice to—

Name .....

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### MULES FOR THE FRONT.



Training mules which are to be used for transport work at the front. The animals have been imported from South America, and many of them are quite wild. They are very sturdy and in splendid condition.

### A PRETTY GOWN.



Afternoon gown in blue ninon over white gabardine, with a white embroidered vest. The hat is green liseret, with quill mounts.—(Creation—Ernest, photograph Pierre.)

### £20,000 CINEMA FIRE.



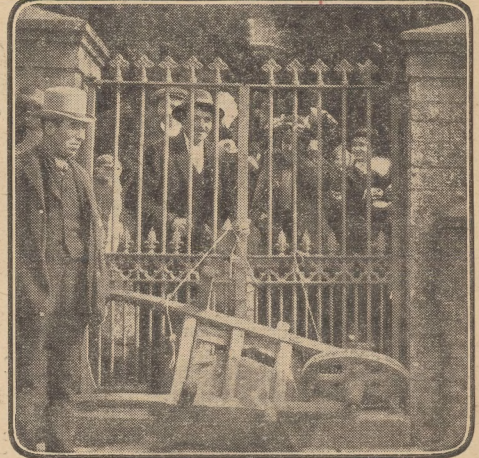
All that is left of the Palladium, Wood Green's latest cinema palace, is the front entrance and part of one of the walls. The damage is estimated at £20,000.—Curiously enough, not a single film was burnt.

### 15,000 SOLDIERS ON THE MARCH.



When 15,000 soldiers belonging to the new Armies marched through Leicester this little girl handed out cigarettes till her stock was exhausted.

### BRIDAL PAIR MADE PRISONERS.



Easton (Somerset) still observes the old custom of "roping in the bridal pair." They are not released until money is forthcoming for cider.

### BACK TO TENTS AND CRICKET: THE SIGNS OF SPRING IN WAR-TIME.



General view of the first canvas camp.



"Well hit, sir!"



Enjoying their midday meal in the open.

In peace time we recognise the advent of spring by the singing of the birds, the leaves on the trees and a "certain liveliness" among the poets. But in war time the

soldier is a better calendar than nature. Winter over, he moves from a hut to a tent, and deserts the football field for the cricket pitch.—(Daily Mirror photographs.)